

New Statesman

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Tatchell's Crusade

**Michael
Foot: the
global crisis**

**Short story
by Graham
Swift**

New Statesman

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Music for Peace GLC Peace Year 1983

**RANGER'S HOUSE,
BLACKHEATH**

SUNDAY 13 FEBRUARY 1983 AT 11.30 AM

PACO PEÑA



Working for London and Peace

Nuclear disarmament

Next week's issue of the *New Statesman* will
contain an 8-page supplement on nuclear
disarmament

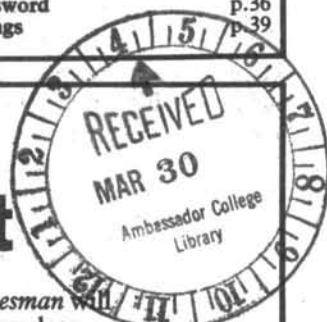
- setting out the East-West weapon
balance of terror
- showing the present deployment of
nuclear forces
- giving a history of nuclear
disarmament negotiations

Other features in the issue will include:

- a history of CND by John Minnion,
co-editor of *The CND Story*
- E. P. Thompson on dissent in Eastern
Europe

There is sure to be a heavy demand for this
issue.

**Make certain of your copy now by
placing a firm order with your newsagent
this week.**



After the massacres

IN THE MONTHS that have passed since the Beirut massacres last September there has been a growing desire on the part of friends of Israel to draw a distinction between support for the Begin government and support for the State of Israel. The report of the judicial committee, headed by Chief Justice Kahan, will do much to strengthen those arguments. For it is of and by itself clear evidence that Israel remains a society in which all organs of the state — including the army, the security services and even the Prime Minister — can be held directly and publicly accountable for their actions. Enemies of Israel are blind to this strongly positive aspect of Israeli society today. It is difficult to think of *any* country in *any* circumstances where the authorities could be subjected to such a rigorous investigation and public censuring. For a country in Israel's situation, effectively in a state of war, beleaguered physically and without any effective moral support in the court of world opinion, it has been a quite remarkable judicial exercise.

Indeed, it is impossible not to be struck by the comparison between the methods of our own Franks report on the Falklands and this Kahan report — a comparison almost wholly favourable to the latter. Of course, the subject matter of the two enquiries was qualitatively different. Franks was enquiring into an implied charge of gross political and administrative incompetence. Kahan was enquiring into an implied charge of ministerial complicity in a crime against humanity — and the difference is important. But the point here is the method.

Israeli public opinion demanded and got (despite extreme resistance by the government) a proper judicial enquiry, conducted by three men with deserved reputations for independence. The Falklands got a carefully selected group of figures from the political establishment, most of them directly or indirectly involved over the years in the events which they were supposed to be investigating. Kahan pursued his questioning with vigour, interpreted his terms of reference flexibly, delivered judgments on the credibility of evidence received from those in high places. While clearly stating that Israel was not in any way involved in the execution of the massacres, the Israeli enquiry took a realistic view of the nature of historical events. On this basis it came to the obviously correct conclusion that Israeli acts of omission and commission (including acts of omission by the Prime Minister) were a major contributory element in the tragedy.

Franks, in complete contrast, chose not to pursue obvious points, or to draw attention to manifest contradictions and inadequacies in the evidence presented to him. He interpreted his terms of reference in the narrowest possible terms in order to limit the potential scope of political embarrassment. (His terms of reference themselves were in any case extremely narrow. Highly controversial aspects of the British government's handling of the affair, such as the negotiations for a settlement while the naval task forces was sailing slowly south, or the decision to sink the General Belgrano, were

conveniently excluded by the government, with the agreement of the leaders of the opposition parties.)

The reasoning by which Franks was able to come to the conclusion that 'no criticism or blame' could be made of Mrs Thatcher's government for the Falklands could, if applied by Kahan, have led to the same conclusion over the Beirut massacres. For Franks was making the narrow point — though it was interpreted much more widely — that Mrs Thatcher was not directly responsible for the Argentinian decision to invade that week. In such terms, the Begin government could be exonerated of the charge of causing Christian militiamen to run amok in refugee camps. The real charge, however, is whether a pattern of actions over a period is or is not likely to lead to a certain outcome. Kahan has said directly that it is and that those responsible should be held responsible. Franks, in the way of the British establishment, deftly ducked the issue.

BUT WHILE ISRAELI democrats can take pride in the vigour of Israeli democracy and institutions, the simple argument that Begin and his gang must go misses the much more fundamental point about the future of Israel. As a politician, Begin's attitudes are still obviously influenced by his own terrorist past. He has a dislike of Arabs that goes way beyond his professed concern for military security. If the Kahan report exemplifies the best liberal traditions in Israel, Begin's politics exemplify the worst authoritarian and nationalist traditions of the country. The Beirut massacre and the inquiry that followed it have exposed the conflict between these two traditions with savage clarity; but that conflict did not begin at the gates of Chatilla and Sabra, and it has not ended with Chief Justice Kahan's report.

It is difficult to see how these two conflicting traditions can coexist much longer. For example, if Mr Begin gets his way and incorporates the West Bank into the State of Israel, his only means of avoiding dilution of the concept of a Jewish State would be to formalise the status of the West Bank's Arabs as second-class citizens. There is no way that Israel's liberal tradition could survive such an assault on basic human rights: already the Israeli political and legal establishment has shown itself incapable of preventing the military's routine ill-treatment of West Bank and Gaza Arabs.

The Kahan report was the strongest possible affirmation of political and legal values that are based on Western liberal forms. They assume that a different (and more severe) set of standards are expected in Israel than in other countries. Yet any government of Israel is operating not in Western Europe, but in the Middle East. Even after the Kahan report it is still using Christian militia as quasimercenaries in the Lebanon. Begin has strong popular support. The question that the Kahan report implicitly raises, but was in no way required to answer, is whether the liberal values on which the inquiry was based can possibly survive in the kind of Israel that Begin wishes to create. □

No need for change on asbestosis deaths

DISCLOSURES last year (NS 15 Oct and 12 Nov 1982) that coroners have for some years failed to certify many deaths due to asbestosis have elicited an evasive and misleading response from the Department of Health and Social Security. The DHSS is responsible for the special Pneumoconiosis Medical Panels set up to determine whether deaths are due to industrial disease.

The *New Statesman* has revealed that, in defiance of clear instructions, coroners often do not wait for the Panels' decisions before issuing death certificates, thus depriving many widows and relatives of the chance to sue the asbestos companies for compensation. More disturbing still is the fact that the Panels and Britain's largest asbestos company, Turner and Newall, freely swap information and even post mortem specimens, although the deceased's relatives (conveniently for the asbestos company) are kept in total ignorance of the Panel's findings.

The issue has been taken up by Michael Meacher, Labour MP for Oldham West. In a reply to his questions, Government minister Hugh Rossi has denied that these exchanges of vital information ever take place without the consent of the next of kin. His ignorant complacency has angered the relatives of the unrecognised victims of asbestosis detailed in the *New Statesman*. None of them was even informed of the Panel's post mortem decision, let alone asked whether reports or pathological specimens could be sent to the asbestos company possibly liable for their relative's death. Last month, however, Mr Rossi did announce that where a panel believed a man to have died from mesothelioma or pneumoconiosis the DHSS must inform the widow as 'there has been concern that some of these widows may be failing to claim industrial death benefit'.

In fact, only after a case was highlighted in a recent ITV documentary have relatives been writing to coroners and demanding access to post mortem reports (the little-known right of any next of kin). The latest person to exercise her right was the daughter of Michael J. Downey, a worker at Turner and Newall's Rochdale asbestos company TBA Industrial Products, who died in 1977. She discovered a spectacular omission by the coroner. Although his own pathologist had written that 'asbestosis has contributed towards death', the Coroner, Mr J. B. D. Haynes, failed to record this vital information on the

death certificate. When the Pneumoconiosis Medical Panel's report arrived agreeing that 'asbestosis was a material factor in the cause of death', the Coroner made no attempt to correct the death certificate. Yet, extraordinarily, a handwritten note on the report says 'copy please to TBA' - the Turner and Newall company that employed Michael Downey.

His daughter is particularly angered that, without her consent, Turner and Newall were sent the Panel's report clearly stating that asbestosis had killed her father, not only because she was never told this herself, but also because 'The company welfare officer telephoned me two or three times after my father died to see what was on the death

certificate. On one occasion he said "You can't sue unless asbestosis is the official cause of death" - I thought that was a strange thing to say because I'd never even mentioned the idea of suing. The time of a close relative's death is not a good time to consider court battles against a large company.'

Michael Downey's daughter has now started legal proceedings against Turner and Newall, after finally learning the real cause of her father's death. And like the relatives in the other cases she is anxious that coroners should be legally bound either to wait for all expert evidence on the cause of death before issuing death certificates, or at least to communicate such vital evidence to the worker's next of kin rather than the employers who may have been liable for his/her death. The most recent settlement made by Turner and Newall to a Rochdale asbestos victim was £75,000.

James Cutler

Feet firm strides away

OVER 800 Scholl workers who make sandals and footwear accessories in two North London factories were meeting this Thursday to decide whether to strike in protest at the sacking of 225 of their colleagues on 14 January. Scholl is the largest private manufacturing employer in Islington.

They are up against the multinational drugs and cosmetics giant Schering-Plough, which owns Scholl, and is now 'restructuring its European facilities' so as to concentrate sandal production at its plant in Austria, leaving only footwear products in the UK. Sixty five per cent of the British workforce are women, and they include most ethnic groups.

Behind the sackings lies the emergence of US-style management methods which have little time for the family atmosphere cultivated by the long-established London firm, Scholl. Following Schering-Plough's merger with Scholl in 1978 nearly 200 jobs have been shed at the Islington and Stamford Hill factories.

Whole families have worked for Scholl in the area and, like many of their Union officials, believed they would always be looked after. There were however some early warning signs of management changes. Charles Harrison, the Scholl's company director, used to be directly responsible to William H. Scholl himself. But, says John Worker, a Scholl's supervisor and Labour Councillor: 'In the last couple of years managers have been stuck in between Harrison and the

top. This is the American style: give people fancy titles, stick them in offices and cut the phone off.'

The company could not cite poor production as an excuse for the move. Mail order business was up 50 per cent last year, sandal production is projected to rise from 12,000 per week to 18,500 and the firm had planned to invest £111,000 in machinery in one department alone. But the Austrian plant had a third unused capacity due to the recession and offers the additional carrot of cheap Czech and Turkish immigrant labour.

By any standards Schering-Plough is massively rich, standing

at number 210 in the top US 1000 companies. Its net assets exceed one billion dollars and total turnover is \$1.8 billion. Amongst its UK companies are Rimmell cosmetics and Kirby pharmaceuticals. Less well-known, however, is the widespread concern in the US about some of Schering-Plough's oestrogen products. One hundred and fifty lawsuits are pending against the company from female plaintiffs, some of whom allege they have developed vaginal and cervical cancer as a result of using products from Schering's companies. Losing the actions would cost the multi-national a cool \$400 million.

The unions - T&GWU, AUEW and ASTMS - have appealed to the local councils and the GLC to pressure the company although managing director Graham White dismissed the suggestion of a meeting with Islington council leader Margaret Hodge as 'counter-productive'. Ms Hodge has urged the Department of Industry to intervene but the most they are likely to offer is loans to workers to start co-operative ventures.

William H. Scholl, chairman of Scholl (UK) and a vice-chairman of Schering-Plough, provided an epitaph for the family business in a Christmas message to the workers. 'Dr Scholl and Mr F.J. Scholl handed down to us a precious heritage. Built on the philosophy that people are the most important asset a company can possess.' He retired on 31 December and spends part of the year in his tax haven on the Isle of Man.

Phil Cohen



Nick Oakes

Lemon admits defeat

AFTER just one week in his new job as editor-in-chief of *Gay News*, Denis Lemon resigned this Monday, saying that his 'plans' for the paper had become 'impracticable'.

As we reported last week, Lemon's return to the paper which he once edited was bitterly opposed by most of the staff. Since Lemon sold *Gay News* to Robert Palmer for £120,000 last year, there has been considerable resentment in the gay community against both Lemon and Palmer. It was felt that the large sum of money involved in the sale had financially hobbled the paper, and had therefore lessened the editorial resources.

Lemon and Palmer also announced on Monday that they were prepared to transfer ownership of *Gay News* to the staff or their representatives, 'if an appropriate solution can be found'. It is not yet clear what sums of money would be considered 'appropriate', but staff have been given until this weekend to come up with proposals.

Lemon's withdrawal is a triumph for the staff, who have now been granted more or less what they have been asking for in the past few months of crisis - assuming that financial terms can be agreed.

Robert Palmer said on Monday that 'it is clear that *Gay News* will develop into a more collectively run, radical publication'.

Francis Wheen

Floating away from the centre

FEWER THAN half of Britain's electors are committed supporters of any one political party, according to a poll conducted late last month by Opinion Research Centre. Forty-five per cent of ORC's sample said they 'always support the same party'. A further 22 per cent said they 'usually support the same party but not always'. The pool of self-confessed floating voters consists of no less than 30 per cent of ORC's sample - equivalent to 12 million people out of Britain's 40 million electorate. Eleven per cent say 'I change the party I support from time to time', while 19 per cent say 'there is no particular party I support more than any other'.

ORC's survey was conducted be-

tween 21 and 23 January for London Weekend Television's *Weekend World* for a programme on the SDP's electoral prospects. (It was replaced by one on the water industry dispute at the last minute.) The survey shows that Labour has the highest proportion of committed supporters - 61 per cent, compared with the Conservatives' 50 per cent, the Liberals' 43 per cent and the SDP's 19 per cent - but these differences must be treated cautiously. With Labour's overall rating at a historically low level (32 per cent in ORC's survey), it is only to be expected that more of the party's current supporters are 'core' loyalists. Equally, the SDP's 19 per cent of loyalists reflects the party's newness.

With the Liberal/SDP Alliance's support having declined sharply over the last year, ORC sought to discover what it was about the SDP, in particular, that failed to attract voters. Eighty-seven per cent of the sample were non-SDP people - Tory or Labour supporters, or 'don't knows', or Liberals who said they would not vote for an SDP candidate carrying the Alliance banner in their own constituency. These are the findings for each of the seven reasons ORC's sample was invited to consider:

<i>I see no reason to change from the party I normally vote for</i>	40%
<i>SDP policies are too vague</i>	39%
<i>A vote for the SDP would be a wasted vote</i>	30%
<i>The SDP are too closely allied to the Liberals</i>	16%
<i>Roy Jenkins is a poor leader for the SDP</i>	16%
<i>The SDP are too left of centre</i>	5%
<i>The SDP are too right of centre</i>	3%

As striking as these individual figures is the fact that 40 per cent said either that none of these reasons applied, or that they didn't know why they rejected the SDP. It would seem that the SDP is suffering from a media rebound. After the party's initial massive press and TV coverage, the SDP's exposure has declined considerably, and its support has declined accordingly: the party has failed to attract widespread support independent of the media's fickle attention. And like most media phenomena, it simply seems boring.

Peter Kellner

MISCELLANY

Alice in McCarthyland

Turner and Newall, the asbestos firm which announced plans for its financial salvation last week, has found some strange allies in the defence of its reputation. Following the Yorkshire television documentary on asbestosis - *Alice, A Fight For Life* - the parliamentary Select Committee on Employment invited YTV to give evidence. Expecting that they would be asked about the facts they had uncovered, they were startled to find that what MP John Gorst wanted to know was whether they were aware of any communist sympathies held by their two researchers, James Cutler and Peter Moore. According to Andrew Roth, who runs Parliamentary Profile Services and whose knowledge on these matters is unmatched, this is the first appearance of McCarthyism in a Select Committee. Mr Gorst's line of questioning was not challenged by any of the Labour MPs on the Committee - for none of them happened to be there that day. Their space however was filled by Cyril Smith MP who, though not a Committee member, had for some reason been shown YTV's evidence in advance. Mr Smith, Rochdale's Man of the People, took up his position early in the dispute over asbestosis when he told his electors

that 'it is as safe working at Turner's as anywhere else... as a company they are deeply conscious of the dangers and take every precaution.'

Cost-cutters

Accountants Price Waterhouse have at last finished their controversial cost-cutting scrutiny (cost £85,000) of Birmingham's social services department. They got off to a limp start when it was revealed the Tory City Council had not put the contract out to tender, and NALGO went on strike in protest. Perhaps this embarrassing publicity explains the mildness of their recommendations. Many of the 200 jobs they propose cutting are in top management and they do not suggest handing over any services to private companies. Nonetheless, social workers are unhappy that the Price Waterhouse report defines their fundamental objective as being 'to reduce to a minimum the period during which people continue as clients'; which is what accountants, trained to consider financial objectives alone, would think, wouldn't they? However, an unexpected financial finding of the report is that to bring staffing in the city's old people's homes up from the present 1:16 to the target ratio of 1:8 will cost the council an extra

£2m. Taking into account the £1.5 million saved by the loss of top jobs, Birmingham rate-payers will only have to find an extra £500,000.

Defence windfall

Our big defence companies are joining the government's cries of pleasure over the fall in inflation - for it will drop an extra £75 million profit into their laps. This is because of the way the Ministry of Defence calculates how much profit should be allowed for in 'non-competitive' contracts, which make up about one third of all defence contracts. Every three years, an independent review body, including CBI and MoD representatives, meet to decide what percentage will be equal to the profits earned by the rest of British manufacturing. They did this last in autumn 1980 when they fixed the returns at 20 per cent of capital employed which, after allowing for inflation, was supposed to give a 'real' profit of 3.87 per cent. Now inflation has fallen to 5 per cent, the military suppliers are getting a real return of more than 10 per cent - well over twice the average profit for the rest of manufacturing industry.

Diplomatic dissidence

Fears that our Foreign Office might be pickled in prejudice were

revived this week following Francis Pym's humane appeal to the Soviet Ambassador to free imprisoned dissident Anatoly Sharansky. Mr Sharansky was sentenced to 13 years for treason in 1978. But in a State where Britain has far more influence, a leading dissident is currently standing trial for treason and faces an even longer sentence. Orton Chirwa is an opposition leader in Malawi who disappeared from neighbouring Zambia in 1981 to reappear a prisoner in Malawi. At the time, the British Foreign Office said it was 'an internal matter so it is not for us to comment.' Since then, the International Commission of Jurists has concluded that Chirwa's arrest was wrongful and illegal and could only be attributed to an act of abduction by the Malawi police. Asked this week if Pym's plea to the USSR suggested a change of position on other countries dissidents, a Foreign Office spokesman said that there could be no comparison between Malawi and the USSR. 'You must remember we have normal diplomatic relations with Malawi' he said. Pressed as to whether he had forgotten we also have normal diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, the spokesman insisted there was no parallel between Dr Banda's one-party State in Malawi and the USSR which 'is by nature a repressive system.'

New Socialists seek their role

'HOW DO YOU move from political ambiguity without falling into the sectarian abyss?' asked Ralph Miliband before the start of the second annual conference of the Socialist Society last weekend. Without some clarity and confidence on the political goals and practice of an organisation, you can't get a committed membership.

It's a question the SDP may well like the answer to, as well as the Socialist Society whose attendance fell from 1200 at the founding conference a year ago to 300 this year. Speakers were plucked from most parts of the Left, although unlike the Moving Left Show they tended to be the beneficiaries of the GLC rather than of Channel 4.

For those who came, the conference was a success – at least the people I questioned felt both entertained and informed. On Saturday there was the excitement of a fierce debate between Tariq Ali and Bob Rowthorn on how and with whom you unite to defeat Thatcherism. Frances Morrell had also contributed on the sad history of socialism in the Parliamentary Labour Party and Hilary Wainwright on the possibilities thrown up by Left local authorities. But sectarian mud-slinging took over at a workshop on the future of British politics and we never did find out whether it was the Labour Party or SWP who provided most support on a recent picket line in Kentish Town.

Sunday's plenary, if a little lacklustre in tone, offered a wide range of questions and ideas. Is it possible, as Mike Rustin suggested, to call for a statutory right to work under capitalism? How, Judith Hunt wondered, does this relate to the 'overemployment' of women burdened with both domestic and waged work? Robin Murray suggested that local authorities could play a useful role in funding co-ops, pushing for workers' plans for social need and attempting to insulate an alternative economy and the public sector from the dictates of profit in the private sector.

For John Deason of the SWP all such suggestions were a diversion from the only possible strategy against unemployment – that of uniting with the strongest sections in the vanguard of the working class who are fighting wage cuts. Tony Benn, in the midst of a series of proposals for what a future Labour government should do, announced what he had never revealed in public before – that he thought a Governor of the Bank of England should be a political appointment and sit in the Cabinet.

The final plenary on socialism, feminism and labourism raised themes at the heart of the Socialist Society project. How is our socialism transformed by feminism

to challenge not just the reformism but also the sexism of the labour movement, to challenge all the categories – like that of full employment – which we use as socialists, asked Richard Kuper and Stuart Hall. Though feminism appears to be so widely accepted on the Left today, Elizabeth Wilson pointed to how little the behaviour of men had changed, especially in the home. So even if, as Madeleine Long suggested, women's sections in the

Labour Party had been strengthened and transformed, they cannot evade the need for confrontations and massive changes.

Friday night's discussion on Nato and disarmament was uplifting when we heard just how scared Nato is of the peace movement and of the strength of the Greens in Europe (though from the rather remote discussion at Sunday's Workshop, Britain's Greens must

still pose little threat to those in power).

The question remaining for the Socialist Society is whether it is enough to hold rallies (such as those against the Falklands war and the invasion of Lebanon) and produce books and pamphlets; or whether other socialists want a home, a political identity and some sort of direction for day-to-day activity.

Lynne Segal

Wageless co-op workers walk out

TAUNTON Shirts, a job-saving co-operative launched by the local Transport Union, faced a major crisis this week after 20 members of the 50-strong staff walked out in protest. They had been told by a union official that the co-op's finances were in such bad shape that no wages could be guaranteed. This followed a month during which the workers had already agreed to take home half their normal £72 per week.

The crisis followed swiftly on a period when the co-op, started in October 1981, appeared to have finally found more secure outlets for its range of basic men's shirts outside the limited trade union network. Just before Christmas, it received a glowing account on the *Guardian's* Business Page, with a prediction of large overseas orders.

'We were let down by the overseas consultants and the order never materialised,' the co-op's manager, Ray Gill, said this week. 'We still have orders to deal with, but the cash flow has dried up. This means we can't pay wages or our creditors.' Apart from other debts, the co-op has borrowed over £70,000 from the bank.

Those workers who left last week, including all four of the co-op's worker-directors, feel bitter that they weren't aware of what was happening to the company's finances. 'We have produced over 100,000 shirts since we started,' said former director Edith Evans. 'We shouldn't be in this position. Obviously there's something amiss.' She added that the co-op structure had never really worked properly. 'We never ever had a say in it as a board of directors. It was a sham.'

But Bristol Transport and General official Ron Nethercott, who is also chairman of the co-op, reacted angrily to accusations of mismanagement and lack of consultation. Their profit margin had often been as low as 10p a shirt, he explained and the most recent crisis had simply been the result of the post-Christmas slump. 'The finances have never been good since the day we started', he said. 'We told them it would be two or three years of real struggle. I am not saying mistakes weren't made, but I would take very grave exception to anybody suggesting something underhand.'

Nethercott added that the co-op is still producing shirts with its depleted workforce and intends to continue.

Crispin Aubrey



Plant spray whitewash

ANOTHER whitewash on the herbicide 245T is expected following the announcement by Agriculture Minister Peter Walker last Monday of a new report on the chemical. The report to be published soon by the Advisory Committee on Pesticides has again cleared the chemical and said there was no need for it to be banned. The last report by the APC, published in December 1980, was severely criticised not only by agricultural workers but also by biochemists, doctors and other specialists in the field.

This new report will cause even more controversy. Contrary to what the Minister led the House to believe, the new report is the work of only a small section of the main committee, its Scientific Sub-Committee. The main committee chairman, Professor Robert Kilpatrick, did not see a copy before it went to the Minister. Walker then sent copies of it to other Ministers on 22 December asking for their response by January 10. A spokesman for his Ministry denied he rushed the matter through over the Christmas holiday.

Although the report again declares 245T and its associated phenoxy herbicide safe, it does this time recommend that the medical records of workers who came into contact with it 20 years ago should be examined for links with cancer. Norman Tebbit is being asked to find out from the Health and Safety Executive whether such tests are needed and the report states that some studies have already been undertaken. The 1980 report also said the HSE were undertaking operator exposure studies but Mr John Summerscales of the HSE told the *New Statesman* that the HSE had never undertaken such studies since it had been impossible to discover when or where 245T was being used.

The Agricultural Workers' Trade Group of the TGWU is to hold a press conference on 17 February to publicise its criticisms of the new report and Shadow Agriculture Minister Norman Buchan will be there to state, once again, that any incoming Labour government will ban 245T and disband the Advisory Committee on Pesticides.

Judith Cook



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Don't bet too much on an early election

IF I WERE a gambling man – which, I hasten to add, I am not – I would bet on the General Election being held next year rather than this. I admit that I advance this proposition with rather more diffidence than usual, partly because almost every other commentator who has declared himself has plumped for June or October this year, and partly because it is now apparent that the only people who can reasonably try to read Mrs Thatcher's mind without courting severe personal humiliation are fools, the cabinet secretary and (possibly) Mr Norman Tebbit. However, while registering every possible caveat, health warning and no-money-back-guarantee, let us examine the omens.

It is common ground that the election will not be called in the holiday months of July or August (or, effectively, September assuming that a one-month campaign is not to start until the hols are over), nor between November, when the winter starts to close in, and mid-February, when the new electoral register comes into force. So Mrs Thatcher's effective choice is among these options: June this year, after the new constituency boundaries take effect; or October; or March to May next year.

The first option may be scuppered by the Labour leadership's legal attempt to overturn the boundary recommendations. If Labour's appeal is heard by the Law Lords, and if their Lordships take their time, then June may be out. Even if Labour finally loses its case, it would take almost three months for the subsequent *political* procedures to be completed. First, it would take around six weeks to complete the parliamentary process of approving the new boundaries; then each party will need to select candidates for the new seats.

But, even if the new boundaries come into operation in time, I doubt whether the election would be called so early. A dissolution of Parliament after just four years of Mrs Thatcher's term of office would run counter to her temperament to see whatever she starts through to its (usually disastrous) finish. True, she told Brian Walden on *Weekend World* four weeks ago that it might be 'best for Britain' in some circumstances 'to get rid of the uncertainty'; but it would be wrong to read too much into that. She has to keep her options open, in case events conspire to undermine her plans to keep going. If she were to rule out publicly the prospect of an early summer election, she might have to eat her words.

Of course, should the polls continue to show the Conservatives well ahead, and the local elections in May confirm the lead,

Mrs Thatcher will come under strong pressure to go to the country. But the lead would have to be very substantial to give the Prime Minister the confidence that she could hold on to it. Both Mr Wilson in 1970 and Mr Heath in 1974 misread the signals and saw clear opinion poll leads evaporate during their election campaigns. Mrs Thatcher may well make *worse* mistakes than Mr Heath; but she is not the sort of person to make the *same* ones.

IF NOT EARLY SUMMER, then surely October? I doubt that, for two reasons. First, the economic indicators will be rising. By the autumn the inflationary effects of the recent devaluation of sterling will be showing up in shop prices; at the same time the effects of last year's mortgage rate cuts will be gradually disappearing from the 'year-on-year' inflation figures.

Moreover, any economic growth that may start to appear is likely to be feeble. After two false dawns when we were promised imminent recovery – in the summer of 1981, and last spring – it will take rather more than two or three months of encouraging production figures to persuade voters that this time the Thatcher miracle is for real.

The second factor that could make an October election awkward is defence. As Hugo Young pointed out in the *Sunday Times* on January 16, an October election would occur as the anti-cruise missile campaign reaches its peak. (The first missiles are due here in December.) It is an issue where Labour could go vigorously and unitedly on the attack with most public opinion on its side.

Mr Young concluded that Mrs Thatcher may hold an election sooner to prevent a campaign being held in such circumstances. But there is an alternative strategy: to hold the election *later*. Mrs Thatcher, we may take it, assumes that the protests will not prevent the missiles' arrival; and after their arrival she may calculate that hostility to them will diminish. She could then hold an election having, in her own modest opinion, trounced her critics. Her calculation of the impact of CND and the Greenham Common protesters could well be wrong; I hope so. But it is her calculation that counts, not yours or mine.

This scenario, then, points to an election in spring 1984. From the Prime Minister's point of view that would satisfy her temperament, give time for the economic recovery that she (if few others), expects to develop, and enable her to try to tuck a cruise 'victory' under her belt.

Three main arguments are advanced against a spring 1984 election: that it would interrupt the rhythm of Parliament's autumn-to-autumn legislative timetable, that the Government would not wish to be accused of hanging on to the last moment, and that voters tend to be in a more mellow, and hence more pro-Government, mood after their summer holiday. Each of these arguments seems to me highly dubious.

While it is true that the legislative year runs from autumn to autumn, there is no reason why some bills should not be passed in a short parliamentary session, leaving more complex bills for a 16-to-18 month post-election session. After the March 1966 election, the parliamentary 'year' ran from April 1966 to October 1967, and after the May 1970 election from June 1970 to October 1971. A similar arrangement next time would give whoever won the election ample time to navigate complex legislation through the first session of Parliament.

More to the point, government is about more, much more, than legislation. The rhythm of its financial year – the public spending arguments and the tax-raising decisions – is from spring to spring. On a host of other matters executive action may be needed at any time – to fight Britain's corner in the Common Market, or to respond to some new crisis in a nationalised industry, or to argue out a knotty problem with recalcitrant local authorities, or to react to some foreign policy issue. Governments do not need an active legislative programme to persuade themselves and their supporters of their continuing value.

As to the accusation of hanging on to the last moment, there is no evidence that such a charge cuts much ice with voters. The one post-war example of a government running its full five-year term dates back to 1964, when Sir Alec Douglas-Home, as he then was, delayed the election until October. He lost, but only just: Gallup records a steady increase in Conservative support during the last six months of that government. A Labour lead of 12 points in April 1964 was whittled down to less than one point by election day.

Finally, are voters more pro-government after rather than before their summer holidays, as David Butler argued in *The Times* last week? I have checked Gallup's figures for the past 25 years and can find no consistent pattern. Comparing support for the Government of the day in June and October each year, the number of times when support rose is exactly equal to the number of times when support fell. Oh well, there goes another myth. □

On the trail of Peter Tatchell

The long-heralded Bermondsey by-election finally got under way this week, with Labour reprimanding its candidate again. Francis Wheen studies Tatchell and his constituency

'PETER TATCHELL? Oh God, not him again. I don't think he'll get in. He's foreign, he's not British — people round here don't like that. And he's a wally. Mind you, Bob Mellish was a wally too. He didn't even know Surrey Docks had closed 'til we told him.'

The man expressing these even-handed criticisms was himself a docker until Surrey Docks closed in 1970. Bob Mellish, MP for Bermondsey since 1946, once said that the docks would close 'over my dead body'. The docks are in their grave, but Mellish is still alive and kicking ('kicking' being very much the *mot juste* — on Monday this week Mellish called Peter Tatchell 'an ignorant pig'). Hundreds of acres of London's derelict dockland, many of them in Bermondsey, are now being handed over to private speculators by the London Docklands Development Corporation (LDDC), whose deputy chairman, at a salary of £14,000 per annum, is a certain Bob Mellish.

Although it adjoins the River Thames and is within strolling distance of central London, Bermondsey is rather like *The Land That Time Forgot*. Even many Londoners are not sure quite where it is; partly, perhaps, because few outsiders have any reason to go there these days, unless to cover the by-election. It is an area of boarded-up warehouses and deserted wharves, where the street-names — Jamaica Road, Gambia Street — bear witness to a more prosperous mercantile past.

It is also a place with strong literary associations, including Charles Dickens (Copperfield Street, Quilp Street) and, of course, Geoffrey Chaucer. On the eve of their departure, the Canterbury pilgrims stayed at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, and records show that the inn's host, Henry Bailly, represented Southwark in Parliament in 1376-77 and 1378-79. He was 'boold of his speche, and wys, and wel ytaught', but it seems unlikely that he was a socialist.

Nevertheless, Southwark and its subsidiary borough of Bermondsey have for years been unswervingly loyal to Labour. A Labour Party hand-out in support of Peter Tatchell, the party's official candidate, states bluntly that 'Bermondsey is a Labour constituency in a Labour borough'. John O'Grady, the self-styled 'Real Bermondsey Labour' candidate, who has Bob Mellish's backing, says in his election address that 'Bermondsey has supported Labour for as long as most of us can remember and I, for one, want this to continue.'

But why should Bermondsey support Labour? As a council tenant told one of

Tatchell's canvassers this week, 'It makes me laugh, you people coming round here touting. Labour's been in this borough for years, all the time, and look at the state of the place'. It is a fair point. Bermondsey is not a good advertisement for half a century of Labour rule: industry has collapsed and council houses are old and decaying. (Bermondsey is, in fact, the kind of area which often falls prey to 'gentrification'; but in this case there is no property for the middle class to snap up. Only 2 per cent of dwellings in North Southwark are owner-occupied, while 80 per cent are rented from the council.)

Tatchell's supporters reply to criticisms of Labour's record in the borough by pointing out that they are not to blame: the culprits are those men who claim to represent the 'best traditions' of Labour in the area, such as John O'Grady (leader of Southwark Council for 14 years, from 1968 to 1982) and Bob Mellish (MP for 36 years). Indeed, Tatchell is going out of his way to emphasise local issues in his campaign, and to boast of his own empathy with the people of Bermondsey. 'We, the working-class people of this area' is a favourite phrase. He announces with pride that 'I've taken the effort to meet 23,000 people in this constituency in the last year or so'.

One can well believe it. When I went canvassing on a council estate with a local Labour supporter on Monday night, we often found that Tatchell had been there first: 'Oh yes, he came round not long ago — the tall, thin one.' A couple of pensioners invited us into their flat to examine the signs of damp: 'I've asked them for a transfer,' said the woman, 'we're paying nearly £20 a week here. This is not a very healthy flat, it's that damp. We've been here nine years, I think we're entitled to have it done up, don't you?' She said that last year, despairing of ever forcing the council to take action, 'we got on to Peter, see, that Australian, and he got on to Councillor Davis.' She showed us a letter from Tatchell, to which he had attached a note from the housing department to Councillor Alan Davis which promised that the work would be carried out soon.

Having sung the praises of Peter Tatchell, the woman then did the same for Bermondsey's retiring MP, apparently unaware of any political incongruity. 'I met Bob Mellish, he's a nice man. He said "This should all be done up, missus", Mellish did. They did the passage, but they left this room.'

So it may be that Tatchell and Mellish are *both* right when they claim to be 'in touch' with local people. When it comes to tackling

specific issues, however, there is no doubt that Tatchell is far more impressive than the O'Grady/Mellish team. His election posters call for the re-opening of St Olave's, a local hospital which was closed in 1979. He recites housing statistics with commendable fluency, and tirelessly repeats his message that Bermondsey needs more houses with gardens — 'not more flats'.

HE IS AT HIS best, however, in chronicling the manifold sins and wickednesses of the London Docklands Development Corporation (LDDC), which was set up by Michael Heseltine in 1981 'to secure the regeneration of its area'. To this end, the LDDC has been given the power to 'deal in and develop land, to carry out building and other operations, and generally to do anything necessary or expedient to further this object'.

When the LDDC was born, Bob Mellish was appointed its deputy chairman. (The chairman is the property developer Nigel Broackes of Trafalgar House Investments.) The LDDC also invited on to its board the leaders of the three councils affected — Newham, Tower Hamlets and Southwark. Last May, when Southwark Council moved to the left and John O'Grady lost the leadership, he was asked whether he would resign from the LDDC. He refused, saying that he had been appointed to the board in his own right, not *ex officio*.

Representatives of the 'real' Southwark Labour tradition are plentiful on the LDDC. In addition to Mellish and O'Grady there is Harold Young, a Southwark councillor who supported O'Grady. He has a full-time post as Community Liaison Officer for the LDDC, in which capacity he decides which community groups should be recommended for grants.

Almost 100 acres of land in Bermondsey which were earmarked for public housing have been taken over by the LDDC: the land will now be used for private housing developments, few of which will be within the price range of local people. Corbett's Wharf is being turned into luxury flats which are selling at £170,000 each. The LDDC has also taken over 65 acres of non-housing land from Southwark, and the plans for these seem equally unrelated to the needs of the area. At Hay's Wharf, between Tower Bridge and London Bridge, there is a scheme to build two million square feet of offices, even though London is already over-supplied with office space.

The LDDC is now trying to take over another 130 acres of Bermondsey, in Surrey



Mellish and O'Grady, anti-Tatchell duo: the unspeakable in pursuit of the unbeatable?

Docks. The joint owners of the site, Southwark Council and the Greater London Council, are both hostile to the plans put forward for it by Lysander Estates, a private consortium. Southwark and the GLC want the site to be used for industry and public housing, but the Lysander proposals concentrate on offices (yet again) as well as yacht marinas, hotels and so forth. Last month, in order to override the councils' opposition, environment minister Tom King placed an Order before Parliament which was, in effect, a compulsory purchase order for the site on behalf of the LDDC. Southwark and the GLC have petitioned against the order. On 16 February the splendidly-named Hybrid Instruments Committee of the House of Lords will decide whether the petitions have any merit, or whether the LDDC should be allowed to take another large slab of Bermondsey out of

the reach of local government.

'Abolish the LDDC' is one of the main battle-cries of Peter Tatchell's election campaign in Bermondsey. Nationally, however, Labour leaders are rather more cagey. At a press conference on Tuesday, Gerald Kaufman, shadow environment minister, said that the LDDC's future would depend upon the wishes of the local authorities involved. One of these three authorities, Southwark, is committed to its abolition, but the other two are more ambivalent. In particular, the leader of Tower Hamlets Council, Paul Beasley, who sits on the LDDC's board, has closely identified himself with the LDDC's plans for his area.

PETER TACHELL MISSES no opportunity to decry the way in which Mellish and O'Grady have 'betrayed' the people of Bermondsey by their activities on the LDDC.

In his own election address, O'Grady offers a slightly lame explanation for his conduct, saying that 'he led Southwark's fight to stop the LDDC being set up', but that once the board was established he 'accepted an appointment to it as he saw this as the only way to protect and fight for the interests of local people'. Tatchell's riposte to this is that the LDDC has not yet actually created any jobs for Bermondsey people.

Having led Southwark Council for 14 years, John O'Grady must expect to receive a large share of the blame for Bermondsey's decrepit social and economic state — a fact which Tatchell hopes to exploit. So O'Grady has resorted to other tactics. 'Bermondsey breeds fighters, not dodgers,' he declares in his election address, 'and our people cannot stomach the fact that the candidate foisted on them by the local party is reputed to have run away from Australia to avoid being called into the army.' To ram the point home, O'Grady devotes a sizeable paragraph to an account of his own war record ('he was demobbed in 1946 after seven years' service during which he earned nine campaign and service medals'). He neglects to mention, however, that the fight to which Tatchell took such strong exception was the war in Vietnam.

O'Grady's smear campaign may seem to be the action of a desperate man, but senior figures in the Labour Party are pretty worried about Tatchell as well. The London Labour Party tried to install one of its own senior officials as election agent for the campaign, in order to keep an eye on Tatchell. But the Bermondsey party would have none of it. Then, after last weekend's row about Tatchell election leaflets being printed by the Militant Tendency press, the lad from Melbourne was summoned by Labour's two most senior officials and two members of the National Executive. He was told to behave himself and emerged looking suitably respectable — wearing, as ever, one of those sawn-off shirt collars for which he has such an insatiable appetite. At his inaugural press conference on Tuesday morning he was a model of good conduct — to the delight of Jim Mortimer and Gerald Kaufman, the two 'minders' flanking him.

It is hard to see quite why Labour's grand panjandrums should be so nervous about Tatchell. On Tuesday he was asked whether he had agreed with the decision to use *Militant's* printers for his election leaflets. The exchange proceeded as follows:

Tatchell: Well, the only reason why that particular printer was used was because it was cheap and fast. It's as simple as that.

Questioner: Did you agree with it?

Tatchell: And there was discussion about it a long, long time ago in the party but the decision was taken by the agent.

Questioner: For the third time, did you agree with it?

Tatchell: A discussion was taken by the party a long time ago and the decision was left up to the agent and the officers of the party and I didn't have to participate in that final discussion.

In the art of parrying unwelcome questions, this man could teach the old hands a thing or two. □

Sense of proportion

John Curtice examines how black candidates would fare under PR

ACCORDING to estimates based on the 1981 Census, over four per cent of Britain's population is now coloured. But a black face has not appeared in the Commons chamber since the election of S. Saklatvala as Communist MP for Battersea in 1924. Advocates of proportional representation have often blamed Britain's first-past-the-post electoral system; PR, they say, would result in more black MPs sooner. Could they be right?

Two obstacles face the aspirant MP under our current electoral system – the selectorate and the electorate. Both groups have so far been prejudiced against coloured candidates. The few that have stood as Conservative or Labour candidates have almost invariably done badly. And, perhaps partly on account of this electoral resistance, party activists have so far mostly only been prepared to select coloured candidates to fight fairly hopeless seats.

But recent events have suggested a change might be on the way. Paul Boateng, already GLC councillor for Walthamstow, has been selected as Labour's standard bearer in its attempt to regain Hemel Hempstead. However, that marginal seat does not offer a stable political home and Boateng's chances of ever winning the seat could be disastrously affected if there is any white backlash. But at the end of last year Russell Profitt secured the Labour nomination for Battersea North – the first time a black candidate has been selected for a safe seat.

In part these two nominations reflect the emergence of a 'political elite' amongst the ethnic minorities – a group of articulate people, willing and able to take a full part in mainstream British political life. But they also coincide with another important development in the political position of the ethnic minorities – an increase in their electoral power.

Britain's coloured population has been growing – but not everywhere. The growth has been concentrated in those parts of the country where the ethnic minorities were already settled – particularly in London, Birmingham and Leicester. As a consequence the proportion of the population that is coloured has increased substantially. At the time of the 1971 census, only four parliamentary constituencies had more than 25 per cent of their population deriving from the New Commonwealth. By 1981 nineteen did, and in five – Birmingham Ladywood, Birmingham Handsworth, Southall, Tottenham and Barnet South – over 40 per cent of

the population had New Commonwealth roots (NS 22 October 1982).

This change has increased the prospect of coloured MPs emerging under the current electoral system. For, where the coloured community constitutes a large proportion of the electorate, any white backlash against a coloured candidate may be compensated for by his or her attractiveness to ethnic minority voters. Thus the 'selectorate' can no longer reasonably fear any adverse electoral consequences from selecting a black candidate.

But there are other factors which make the prospect of coloured MPs less likely. The revision of parliamentary boundaries, expected to take effect before the next election, has adverse consequences for the ethnic minorities. Concentrated as they are in the inner cities with falling populations, some of the seats where they form a large proportion of the population will disappear. Indeed, Russell Profitt's own prospective seat of Battersea North is removed. Profitt will probably have to defeat Alfred Dubs, the popular MP for Battersea South, in a selection conference to retain his chance of becoming Britain's first black MP for the merged Battersea seat.

Penetrating the 'selectorate' itself is another problem. Members of the ethnic minorities are still much less likely to participate actively in politics than the white population. Thus, even where they constitute a considerable proportion of the population in a constituency, their voice may not be strongly heard amongst party activists.

Thus, while the chances of a black MP emerging under the current electoral system have improved, they are still not particularly good. Would the adoption of PR bring about an improvement? PR is not one electoral system, but a generic term for many

different ones. However, the debate about electoral reform in Britain has concentrated on two alternatives – the Single Transferable Vote (STV) in multi-member constituencies, and the Additional Member System (AMS). (The main features of each system are outlined in the panel.)

Both these systems share, in contrast to many 'party list' forms of PR, one feature in common with the current electoral system – all MPs have to stand and do reasonably well in a constituency election. In other words, an MP must still have a local base and in assessing the chances of coloured MPs emerging, the geographical spread of the coloured population is still likely to be an important factor.

AMS is, in fact, so similar to the current electoral system that it is difficult to believe that its adoption would do anything to improve the chances of a black MP being elected – if anything the opposite seems likely. Single-member constituencies would still be used, so the only route to the House would still be to acquire the one and only nomination in a good constituency. But as the winners in each constituency would constitute only three quarters of the total number of MPs, there would be fewer constituencies – and thus fewer places where the coloured population was a significant proportion of the electorate.

STV, on the other hand, has two important differences from the current system. First, multi-member constituencies are used. This means that a party has the opportunity to present a balanced slate of candidates in a constituency. Where the coloured population constitutes a significant proportion of a constituency's electorate, one of these candidates at least might come from the ethnic minorities. Secondly, although the size of the electorate in a STV constitu-

Two Systems of PR

STV

1. Electors vote by placing candidates in order of preference – 1, 2, 3, etc.
2. Multi-member constituencies – most commonly 4 or 5.
3. All MPs directly elected.
4. Votes for candidates with least support transferred to the remaining candidates in accordance with the second and later preferences expressed by the weaker candidates' supporters.
5. Candidates elected by achieving a total of first and later preferences equal to the 'electoral quota', i.e. (the total number of votes cast) ÷ (the number of candidates plus one) + 1.
6. Not specifically intended to be proportional, but likely to be reasonably so in practice. Substantial bias against small parties – need to reach electoral quota of 16.7% in a 5-seat constituency to gain representation.

AMS

1. Electors place an 'X' against their preferred candidate.
2. Single-member constituencies.
3. Only ¾ of MPs directly elected.
4. Votes not transferred from one candidate to another.
5. Candidate with most votes in each constituency elected. 'Additional members', forming ¼ of the legislature, added to each party's representation in order to make its share of seats as similar as possible to its share of votes. Additional members drawn from each party's 'best losers' in constituency elections.
6. Designed to be proportional, but with a bias against small parties. Need to win 5% of vote in a region before entitled to any additional members. Very successful parties may get more than their 'fair' share of seats.

ency is larger, the proportion of the vote needed to secure election is lower.

Take London's coloured population. It is sufficiently spread to take advantage of these features of STV. Under any conceivable scheme of STV boundaries, the coloured population would constitute a significant proportion of the total number of votes required to reach the electoral quota in most constituencies. Indeed, under the illustrative proposals of the Liberal/SDP Alliance Commission on Constitutional Reform, in six constituencies – Brent and Harrow, Hackney and Islington, Newham and Tower Hamlets, Enfield and Haringey, Lambeth and Wandsworth, and Ealing and Hillingdon – the size of the ethnic minority population aged 16 and over (1981 census) exceeds the required electoral quota.

In London then, at least, the adoption of STV would put significant electoral power into the hands of the ethnic minorities. Where the ethnic minority population was close to or exceeded the size of the 'electoral quota' required to return an MP there would be every reason for the parties to put up at least one ethnic minority candidate. He or she could, in theory, win election on the coloured vote alone. If the parties all failed to put up an ethnic minority candidate, the coloured community itself would have one ultimate sanction it could use – to put up its own candidate.

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IRELAND

Haughey pulls it off

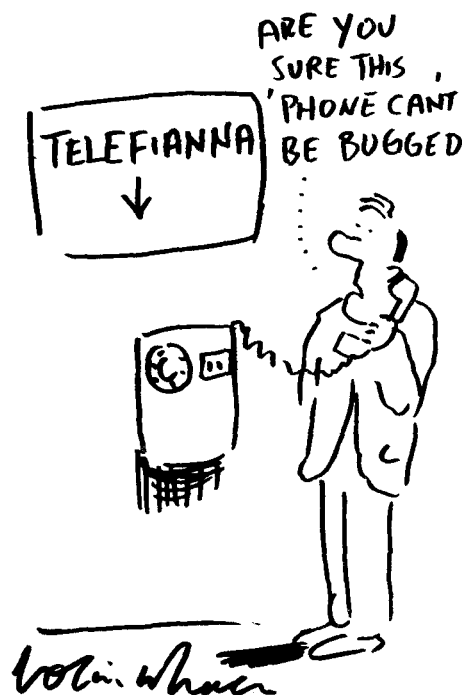
Mary Holland explains the survival technique of Fianna Fail's leader

THE HEADLINES in the Irish newspapers last Tuesday morning were frankly incredulous. 'Houdini Haughey – The Great Survivor' was the theme running through the comments of friends and enemies alike. Less than 24 hours previously it had seemed impossible that the leader of the Fianna Fail party could fend off this third and most serious threat to his leadership. Now, after Monday night's vote defeating his challengers by 40 votes to 33, he seems more secure than at any time in the past year. The party's annual conference in three weeks' time will be a triumphal rally at which he will speak directly to those who have always been his most fervent supporters, the foot soldiers in what still ranks as one of Europe's most efficient political machines – the Fianna Fail party.

For the past month all meaningful political activity in Ireland has been suspended while members of the Government, the media and the general public have hung on the daily revelations about the power struggle within the country's largest political party. In the end, the decision was made entirely inside the party – the main reason for his success last Monday night was the failure of his opponents to coalesce behind any acceptable challenger. Four or five names had been bandied about of whom the most convincing was Desmond O'Malley, an abrasively intelligent former cabinet minister and long time critic of Mr Haughey on just about every important issue – the economy, the North, law and order. But Mr O'Malley is, if anything, even more bitterly disliked within Fianna Fail than Mr Haughey himself, though not by the same people. Given that what most deputies yearn for is a leader to unite the party, clearly Desmond O'Malley was not the man for the job.

Even before last Monday's meeting a group of long-time Haughey supporters were already canvassing the idea of forming a breakaway party if O'Malley was elected leader, a kind of Provisional Fianna Fail. The idea seems to have been that this new party could join forces with Neil Blaney, the tough Republican TD from Donegal who had himself resigned from Fianna Fail in protest against the party's soft line on Northern Ireland.

To understand how heinous such a suggestion would have appeared to most Fianna Fail supporters one need look no further than the recent editorials in *The Irish Press*, the paper most closely associated with the party. These have constantly emphasised the message that Fianna Fail – which means Soldiers of Destiny – is more important than any individual and this has been echoed in the speeches of party workers up and down the country. Nor is it likely that Haughey himself would have approved of any plan for a breakaway group. No one understands better the ideology of Fianna Fail as the natural party of government in



Ireland, the importance of the machine as a source of power and patronage.

His whole career is a monument to the high premium Fianna Fail puts on absolute loyalty, on not airing party differences in public, on toeing the line on every issue from a United Ireland to the abortion referendum. Sacked by Jack Lynch in 1970 for allegedly running guns to the Provisional IRA, Haughey did not resign the party whip as did the colleagues associated with him in that episode. Instead, from a position of isolation and disgrace, he set about the long haul of working his way back to power within the party, cultivating support at grass roots level, convincing Fianna Fail workers up and down the country that he was the only real Republican dedicated to achieving the historic task delineated by the party's founder, Eamonn de Valera – the achieving of Irish unity.

It was a strategy that took the best part of a decade to pay off. But, in the end, it was dissatisfaction with Jack Lynch's 'softly softly' line on Northern Ireland which toppled him from the leadership of Fianna Fail and put Haughey in his place. In recent weeks, as scandal after scandal has rocked the party, this fiercely partisan grass-roots loyalty to Haughey has stood him in good stead. They have seen him as the victim of a media conspiracy, more sinned against than sinning. There have been allegations about Irish American money being made available to anyone who would unseat him and whispers of a British plot to destabilise the Irish economy during the period when Haughey was last in power. Such rumours may sound far-fetched but they still carry considerable emotional force in the corridors of the Dail and even more at constituency gatherings in the small towns of rural Ireland.

Whatever the dubious quality of his friends, no politician knows better than Haughey how to use his enemies. A critical comment in *The Irish Times*, a column by Conor Cruise O'Brien, a speech by one of his Fianna Fail opponents questioning his respect for the democratic process, any or all of these were turned to his advantage. For the moment such political skills have saved him to fight another day. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

□ To avoid offending French visitors to Brighton this year, the organisers of a Regency Pageant which includes a mock Battle of Waterloo have agreed to let the French win on one day. – *Daily Telegraph* (Julia Langdon)

□ Charles is fascinated by brilliant people. He strives to learn all the time. He is highly-educated. Diana managed just two O-levels, and won two distinctions at school – one for the best-kept hamster and one for 'services to others'. – *News of the World* (G. Moor)

□ She said art teacher Terry Horsley regarded himself as a Don Juan. Miss Eaton, 48, told the London High Court: 'He said he could even get Angela Rippon if he wanted to. He said he could get any woman'. – *Daily Mirror* (P. M. G. Shiel)

DRUGS

Putting babies at risk

Denemdox, widely prescribed to pregnant women, is under renewed attack. Miriam Ryan reports on the latest evidence

ANOTHER MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR damages case against the drug Debendox, widely prescribed for morning sickness both in this country and the USA, went before the courts last week in Washington DC. The Koller case, though only the second case to go to trial, is one of well over 100 lawsuits, twelve of which are British, now filed against the drug's manufacturer, Merrell-Dow.

The case coincides with the publication of two independent scientific studies which demonstrate a link between Debendox, when taken in the first six to eight weeks of pregnancy, and a number of foetal abnormalities. These findings, from two Yale epidemiologists and a Bristol paediatrician, represent the latest in a series of conflicting, inconclusive studies over the past two decades, attempting either to exonerate the drug, or to establish it as what is known as a 'low grade teratogen' - affecting five in 1,000 pregnancies and causing limb reduction defects, defective heart valves, skeletal and gastrointestinal malformations in the foetus.

Unlike the case of thalidomide (a high grade teratogen, which affected one in 100 pregnancies) those in the UK and USA campaigning to get the drug taken off the market argue that, in addition to animal experiments having proved inadequate to support the safe use of the drug, many of the clinical studies done since have failed to look into the right area of pregnancy: i.e. the first eight weeks of gestation. They also point to the manipulation and misinterpretation of data in many of the studies put forward by Merrell to justify the drug's safety, as well as instances where the company has avoided reporting information, sent to them by doctors, on the possible teratogenicity of the drug.

A number of key studies are now regarded as being scientifically worthless. Referring to an early, but often quoted study by Drs Bunde and Bowles (1963), lawyers defending the Kollers have evidence to show that some of the data is reported 'on imaginary babies and imaginary mothers, whose names do not appear on any medical records'; that of '210 treatment mothers whose medical records were disclosed, 28 never took Bendectin [the American trade

name]' and that 'at least one baby referred to as "normal" was severely congenitally malformed'. When the study was conducted, Bunde was Merrell's director of medical research, and Bowles was his associate.

BRITAIN'S DRUG LICENSING body, the Committee on the Safety of Medicines, has, to date, regarded the case against Debendox (prescribed to over three and a half million pregnant women each year) with relative complacency.

Replying to a question put by Jack Ashley in the house on 8 March last year, the then Secretary of State for Social Services, Geoffrey Finsberg, stated that, having considered recent studies relating Debendox to foetal abnormalities, the CSM 'found no reason to alter its previous advice - that there is no scientifically acceptable evidence that Debendox causes harm to the foetus' (Hansard) and gave the assurance that the matter would be kept under review. It would also appear that despite the 'regular contact' between the CSM and the US Food and Drug Administration, a number of important issues raised at the frequent FDA reviews of the drug appear to have bypassed the CSM.

It is clear that the FDA have had a number of reservations about the drug's efficacy and safety. As far back as 1966, the FDA asked the US National Academy of Sciences to evaluate the drug. Four years later, the NAS ruled that Bendectin was only 'possibly effective', commenting that 'evidence proving efficacy in this situation is scanty . . . The panel's opinion is that such preparations should not be used routinely for nausea and vomiting in pregnancy . . . additional studies are urged'.

In 1976, Merrell dropped one of the drug's three main ingredients - the antispasmodic dicyclomine hydrochloride - in an attempt to get a higher efficacy rating. The lack of an 'effective' rating meant that Merrell would lose substantial government purchases of Bendectin. Eventually the rating was given, although the three-ingredient product continued to be sold outside of the

Finsberg: 'no acceptable evidence'



USA, and was replaced by the reformulated product in the UK only three months ago. In reply to a question put by Ashley, on 29 November 1982, as to when CSM approval had been asked for and whether sales of the three-part product had been suspended, Finsberg was non-committal, stating that, 'Matters relating to the licensing of individual drugs are confidential for commercial reasons. A change in the formulation of a medicinal product can be achieved by either an application for variation of the current license or an application for a new license. I understand that Merrell Pharmaceuticals Ltd is now only supplying the reformulated product.'

REVIEWING THE ANIMAL studies on the drug, in 1979, FDA pharmacologist Anne Wilk wrote in a memo dated 4 December to the director of the division of neuropharmacological drug products that they were 'inadequate to support the use of the three-part Bendectin product'. In consequence, further animal studies were undertaken. One, by Andrew Hendrickx of the Primate Research Centre at the University of California (whose previous study had linked Bendectin with foetal septal heart defects), was now being funded by Merrell-Dow. Another FDA review, in September of the following year, recognised 'a residual uncertainty' about Bendectin's safety during pregnancy.

Another review hearing, in July 1981, this time before the US Subcommittee on Investigation and Oversight 'to examine FDA policies and procedures for assessment and regulation of prescription drugs used during pregnancy', revealed how drug companies can avoid reporting possible drug-related adverse side effects to the FDA. Dr Lucy Buckley of the Children's Hospital in Boston reported a possible link between Bendectin and a number of cardiac defects. Merrell treated her report as an 'inquiry', and a letter was sent in reply assuring her that there was no record of Bendectin being associated with such abnormalities. Inquiries do not have to be reported to the Food and Drug Administration, whereas adverse-reaction reports do.

Buckley then looked at the 3,000 births between 1968-77 involving severe cardiac problems and found that, in nearly one third of the cases, the mothers had taken Bendectin. Buckley reported these observations to her associate Dr Robert Shirley, who then filed a formal Physical Side Effect Report (PSER) with Merrell. In a subsequent letter to Buckley, Merrell confirmed an understanding made with Shirley that 'he had meant the sheet coming to us as an enquiry and not a report of a problem'.

The two recent studies published in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology* (13 December 1982) and *Human Toxicology* (January 1983), which demonstrate further links between the anti-nauseant and foetal abnormalities, again stress the need for a much more stringent review of the drug's labelling, and a much greater awareness among the medical profession of the possible severe consequences of prescribing the drug. □

Camera Press

A global pestilence

Michael Foot contrasts the bold new Brandt report with the blinkered vision of the monetarists



Monetarism is a world-wide disease. Its afflictions have fallen on practitioners of the creed and non-practitioners, the just and the un-just, the underdeveloped and the industrialised countries. Two events this week illustrate how widespread and deadly has been its impact.

In Washington, the International Monetary Fund's policy-making committee, chaired by Sir Geoffrey Howe, has measures before it which are no more than a shot of pain killer into a chronically sick world economy. As high interest rates and stagnant growth bring poorer nation after poorer nation closer to bankruptcy, the advocates of monetarism seek vainly to reconcile their obsession with the ever-deepening debt crisis. The IMF solution is to offer ludicrously limited injections of financial liquidity to tide us over until the next balance-of-payments crisis, and private bank loans to Mexico, Brazil, Nigeria, and how many other countries?

This week's second event at least offers a bare hope of escape from the crisis. A new memorandum is published by the Independent Commission chaired by Willy Brandt. Three years ago, the Brandt Commission issued its report *North-South, A Programme for Survival*, offering an emergency package designed to avert exactly the kind of crisis we are facing today. At the summit meeting held to examine its proposals (Mexico, October 1981) Thatcherism and Reaganomics held their confident own, yet the Brandt analysis retained its cogency; its prophecies have been fulfilled to the letter.

The reconvened Commission's new document *Common Crisis* naturally laments the inadequate response to its earlier proposals. The original report warned that the world was 'facing much greater dangers than at any time since the Second World War' — the dangers have now intensified.

RECENT EVENTS IN AFRICA should make us face the towering truths. Several African states are now trembling on the edge of bankruptcy and, although other causes contribute to the nature and scale of the conflict on that continent, the problems posed by economic recession are the real source of the crisis. Add the monstrous spread of the supply of arms to Third World countries and the scene is set for a series of conflagrations more dangerous than anything seen since the end of the Second World War.

The devastation caused by Thatcherite policies in Britain needs no reciting. The consequences further afield are sometimes overlooked. The West's single-minded devotion to monetarism and its deflationary consequences have imposed on the Third World countries a double burden. They have to cope with their own domestic economic restraints whilst, at the same time, adjusting to a world recession. Lack of demand has hit the export earnings of the Third World with commodity prices at their lowest levels for three decades.

In the 12 months beginning last September, imports by developing countries are predicted to fall by at least 12 per cent. The major cause of this is not any restriction on free trade, but the effects of deflation in the industrialised world. The collapse of output in the rich countries has not released resources for Third World countries, but has undermined their ability to continue their sale of raw materials to the industrialised countries. Even if we could achieve the co-ordinated recovery of world output which we need, this would bring about a rise in raw material prices. In the absence of long-term pricing arrangements, such a rise could be sudden and destabilising.

For the oil-importing and least developed countries, the process of development is going into reverse. In its 1982 World Development Report, the World Bank warned that, if the international economy continued to stagnate, the low-income nations of Sub-Saharan Africa would experience a decline in GNP per head by 1.0 per cent a year for the rest of the decade — statistics which may be translated into poverty, malnutrition and death.

Against this background of faltering growth and declining incomes comes wave after wave of balance-of-payments crises. The Brandt Commission estimates that the total foreign indebtedness of the Third World reached the sum of \$630 billion by the end of 1981 — about half owed to commercial banks. Increasingly, developing countries are forced to resort to private financial flows, as concessional assistance declines through cuts in public spending. The nature of the balance-of-payments crisis became clear last autumn, after the near default by Mexico, followed soon after by Brazil and Argentina; but these countries form no more than the tip of a mountain of debt. The IMF reports that in 1981 some 32 countries were in arrears on their debts, compared with 15 in 1975.

The response to the banking crisis has been pitifully inadequate. Amidst considerable publicity, Mexico's problems were temporarily alleviated; debts were rescheduled, fresh loans offered and the IMF laid down its conditions. Beneath the surface, however, the problems remain. Crucial new bank lending to the developing countries is coming to a harsh halt — a trend which, if continued, will destroy the capacity for recovery and push the spiral downwards again. According to the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, commercial lending fell by \$800 million in the third quarter of 1982 — immediately after the Mexican crisis.

The short-term measures of *Common Crisis* are the minimum required to reverse the deflationary tide; yet the Brandt proposals are an infinitely more imaginative response to the crisis than those on offer at the IMF this week. Brandt seeks an increase of 100 per cent in the IMF quotas, a major new allocation of Special Drawing Rights and a relaxation of the strict monetarist bias in IMF loan conditions. The World Bank, Brandt suggests, also requires an expansion of resources in its programme lending and concessional assistance through the International Development Association. IDA, the 'soft-loan' agency of the World Bank, is suffering serious cutbacks due to curtailment of US funding support.

These proposals are more than welcome to the Labour Party. Indeed, they feature prominently in our Programme. We are committed to reform of the IMF and the World Bank, to provide them with more resources and on less restrictive terms. In the longer term, we would like to see a greater participation by Third World countries in the management of these institutions and to work towards a new international financial system.

We also agree with the Brandt Commission's new proposals on official aid. *Common Crisis* calls for fresh commitment to reach the United Nations target of 0.7 per cent of GNP for official development assistance within the next five years. Labour has already made that commitment. We have an election in prospect and the new Labour government will reach the 0.7 per cent figure by the end of our first full Parliament. In addition, we will reinstate the Overseas Development Administration to a full Ministry, with a Cabinet Minister leading it.

Beyond these specific undertakings, the Labour Party has endorsed the Brandt Commission's basic theme. The world has common interests and is facing a common crisis. We are witnessing interdependence on a downward spiral when we need desperately interdependence on an upward spiral. At recent meetings of the IMF, the Finance Minister of the Socialist Government in France, M Jacques Delors, has repeatedly called for economic expansion to create world recovery only to be ignored by the dogmatists of monetarism. Labour will not ignore the message offered either by France or the Brandt Commission. The fatalistic doctrine of monetarism can be defeated on the world stage and nearer home. □

DIARY

Christopher Price

Labour assembles in Portsmouth this weekend for its most neglected conference of the year — on local government. In contrast to the heavily televised inebriate jamborees at Brighton or Blackpool in October, the Local Government Conference is a sober, annual reappraisal of socialism at the grassroots. Nor is Portsmouth — hardly the most radical of cities — an accidental venue. It was decided some time ago to abandon the customary weekend of mutual self-congratulation in a Labour controlled Northern city and enter the lion's den of Britain's most feudal county, Hampshire. It was a good decision and a recognition of the fact that Labour must take the battle to the southern shires, if it is to have any hope of winning future elections. The time could well be ripe. Greenham Common has been a useful reminder to the affluent residents of Britain's silicon valley between Reading and Basingstoke that they're right on target for radiation in the next war. If the conference does not squabble too much (and if my old school friend Gerald Kaufman can reconcile the 'centralists' with the 'local democrats') then Labour could begin to re-emerge again in the barren pastures of the South. But it will be a long haul from feudalism to democracy. The ethos of the squire and the obedient peasant is deeply entrenched in the shire counties. When next in power, Labour should go for the jugular and abolish them. The Tories would find it hard to recover.

For the moment they possess such an unprecedented slice of both central and local power in Britain, that they're showing all the signs of *hubris* — that arrogant belief that a ruling party can behave as it likes and damn the consequences. It could be dangerous; electors judge by their sense of smell, and when they smell the corruption of power in government they begin to desert. It was *Hola Camp* and *Profumo* that eroded and finally brought down the Macmillan Tory inheritance. Watching Ruth Caleb's superb drama-documentary last weekend about Mark Rothko and corruption amongst the art dealers, I got a strong feeling that the Thatcher brand of Toryism will finally break on some scandal of cosy 'consultancies' and lucrative insider dealing.

At the moment, it's a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. But the relationship of the PM with Alan Walters and Alfred Goldstein, the derision from Labour and Tory alike at the consultancy work for the Serpell Report and the £43 million estimate for the Transport Department's annual expenditure on 'con-

sultants' are straws in the wind. Nothing to get excited about, all following 'proper procedures', though perhaps worth an investigation by the Public Accounts Committee. But then we heard this week that the Arts are to follow the railways. A freelance economic consultant (a Mr David Allen) and a private sector chartered accountant (a Mr Ian Trumper) are to help a civil servant paddle around the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Henry V* and clean up the finances of the Royal Opera House and the Royal Shakespeare Company. No question, of course, of winning this contract by competitive tender. Indeed they'll have the right to 'call on special assistance in financial and other areas' and engage even more consultants, to make the private incubus on the public purse even heavier still. Jobs for the boys in the golf club is not a particularly attractive slogan for an election.

Meanwhile there are fewer and fewer jobs for the boys on the shop floor and the dereliction is not limited to our traditional manufacturing industries. Printing could be the next to go, unless there is urgent government intervention. The National Graphical Association came down to lobby Labour's front bench last week and urge them to fight for this industry before the rot sets in earnest. Over the years, some of the practices in Fleet Street have earned printers the reputation for being overpaid and underworked. But 94 per cent of Britain's printers have nothing to do with Fleet Street, and are watching jobs slip away faster than those of car workers in the '60s. We may soon no longer even have a foothold in the manufacture of the English language.

ROGER WODDIS

The Ballad of Bermondsey

The Labour Party is to pulp 25,000 leaflets printed by Cambridge Heath Press, which prints Militant, for Peter Tatchell, the Labour candidate in the Bermondsey by-election

In Bermondsey, where docks decay
And no one takes the blame,
There dares to stand a wretched man,
And none will speak his name,
Excepting those whose hands are clean
And play a dirty game.

And there, while homes are left to rot
And there is land to steal,
Let all who mourn the loss of Bob
Pray God the votes reveal
That Peter Tatchell's flag is false
And John O'Grady's real.

For all men knock the thing they fear,
And break their party's code:
When there are perks they stand to lose,
Then brotherhood be blown!
Some do it by Westminster Bridge,
Some in the Old Kent Road!

LYONS TRAVEL
AGENCY



The Police Bill rumbles on through Committee every Tuesday and Thursday, ever more scary as one new power after another is bestowed upon our boys in blue to stop and search and seize and enter and arrest and detain. The sub-textual argument is that they do it all at the moment, so one might as well make it legal. According to the government, it's just 'simplifying' the law; but it doesn't simplify anything — it just makes the police more powerful. It'll soon be an arrestable offence to drop litter, or park untidily, if a policeman suspects you of giving a wrong address. An independent prosecutor with powers over our zealous policemen might have been some reassurance. But unless there's a government U-turn, we're not even going to get a Procurator Fiscal to defend our liberties south of the border. I feel like an English cricketer, facing an innings defeat and praying for rain; the only thing that can kill the Bill now is a June election, since it will need a long, hot summer to get through the Lords.

The Government's U-turn on overseas student fees is philosophical rather than financial. What little money is on the table is only there because the Foreign Office is scared of Moscow university servicing Cyprus, Mauritius and the other flash points round the globe. Francis Pym was positively purring like a cat as he told us the details of his victory over Thatcherism. It would have been more substantial if Lord Cockfield, our little-known Trade Minister, had read the Overseas Student Trust Report which spelt out the economic disaster to our exports of full-cost fees, and put in his share of the money. But he showed no comprehension of the problem. Inter-departmental relations are hard enough in Whitehall with willing Ministers. With the Lord Cockfields of this world they're impossible.



FOREIGN NEWS: USSR

A right to peace

Last autumn (NS 19 November 1982) we carried a report about the Moscow-based 'Group to Establish Trust between the USSR and the USA' and the persecutions to which it was being subjected by the Soviet authorities. We also published a picture of the group's original spokesman, Sergei Batovrin, behind bars during his detention in Moscow's Ordinary Psychiatric Hospital No. 14. We have since obtained the text of a recent interview with Batovrin, conducted in Moscow, in which he spells out the aims of his group. There are increasing signs that the KGB intends to crush the group.

Does your peace movement really exist today?

Batovrin: It's difficult to suppose that the news of the appearance of the Moscow independent peace group last June could still be fresh news this January. Our existence is no longer a sensation for the press. Journalists in any case prefer to bring to light not so much the activity of the group as the activity of the KGB in persecuting its members.

At the same time the repression of the group's members has become so everyday and commonplace that regular reports of this are hardly to be expected, any more than one would expect the daily publication of a newspaper that contained exactly the same information in each issue. Members of the Western peace movement who come to Moscow visit us extremely infrequently. It is hardly necessary to mention that our letters and documents, with rare exceptions, fail to reach peace groups in the west.

But we do exist. Regularly, twice a week, the group meets for discussion. Scientific seminars are also held on a regular basis. We are carrying on with our peace research. We are continuing to produce posters and badges. New peace proposals are being brought forward, our documents are being distributed. And fresh actions are being planned. The number of our supporters is growing, although this doesn't take into account the number of those who would like (if they dared) to declare openly their support.

The range of the group's actions may appear modest. But what actions can be carried out under our circumstances, when a request to hold a demonstration brings about house-arrest, when the call for peace proposals to be phoned in to us leads to the cutting-off of our telephones, and when an anti-war art exhibition ends in the confiscation of all the pictures? All the same, we have no intention of limiting ourselves in our anti-nuclear protests and our actions against war.

But why are your numbers so few?

Batovrin: If Oleg Kharkardin [Vice-President of the official Soviet Peace Committee] were to be put away in Lefortovsky prison, and Yuri Zhukov [President of the Soviet Peace Committee] in a psychiatric hospital, if the apartments of the Soviet Peace Committee activists were cordoned off around the clock by cars of the security police, and if they were subjected to exhausting interrogations, endless threats, detention and searches, then it would be hard to imagine how many members and supporters of the Soviet Peace Committee would still avow their public support. I don't think it would be a million. Maybe fifteen.

Do you agree that 'parity' in nuclear weapons exists?

Batovrin: That intricate, exact, 'parity', or 'balance' in nuclear weaponry, which cold warriors go on about, doesn't exist and can't exist. It can never be achieved by rearming or in any other way. It can be achieved only within an imaginary exercise. In real life the huge variety of nuclear-weapons systems permits us to talk only of parity in the form in which it has come about already today — that is, rough equivalence. Anyone who fears that one side or the other might turn out to have an advantage in some sphere of weaponry would do well to look closer into things. The military forces of both sides are such as to permit either of them to suffer a nuclear strike and also to retaliate in the same kind. Hence, in the event of a nuclear conflict, any advantage will disappear — along with both parties to the conflict.

What do you suggest then?

Batovrin: We think it's pointless to look for culprits in the state of relations between the superpowers — what's necessary is to change these relations. However, the normalisation of Soviet-American relations can be brought about only by tackling the totality. The interdependent character of the problem in the relations between the two countries simply doesn't permit anything less than a comprehensive resolution. Attempts to solve some problems without solving others is like trying to sit on a chair with only one leg.

We propose that the USA and the USSR enter immediately into negotiations to achieve a bilateral freeze in nuclear weapons. At the same time, work around this issue must be inseparably linked with concentrated measures to humanise relations between the peoples — to overcome distrust and to relax and open up mutual relations, by means of establishing links between citizens, co-operation and the exchange of information and of people, discussion and dialogue. We are confident that this could secure, without long-drawn-out negotiations, the chance to go on from a freeze to the real reduction of armaments. Thus: *A freeze founded on mutual openness!*

We are proposing the setting-up of a joint Soviet-American Commission to research and coordinate possible joint US-Soviet projects for the improvement of world conditions, to be funded out of reciprocal cuts in military budgets. For example: the cutting of military budgets by only \$450 million (as calculated by the World Health Organisation) could fund a joint programme to eradicate malaria, from which about one billion people suffer.

Here are some more of our positions:

We are in favour of the dissolution of NATO and the Warsaw Pact.

We are against the MX missile and the deployment of any new intercontinental ballistic missiles in the West and in the East.

We are for the complete abolition of nuclear tests.

We propose that the US and the USSR work together to establish international norms for the prevention of radioactive pollution of the environment — these norms to replace the existing national norms.

We propose a ban on the development, testing and production of all kinds of delivery systems for nuclear weapons in the East and the West.

We are opposed to the development of any new types of weapon of mass destruction.

We are for the limitation and reduction of conventional weapons.

In short, we support all proposals which can lead to the limitation, reduction and eventual elimination of nuclear weaponry. But at the same time it's clear to us that these practical measures of disarmament will be impossible unless we change the whole character of East-West relations, unless we can overcome distrust through massive measures to humanise these relations.

We've proposed more than 80 such measures — among these, a Soviet-American book-trading programme, whereby citizens could receive by mail books and periodicals not widely available in their country; an exchange of children from Soviet and American families during school vacations; permanent cultural centres; exchanges of workers on a temporary basis; Soviet-American youth festivals (for example, a rock-festival); televised discussions between politicians from both countries, with questions from the audience; joint medical clinics; a tourist programme with inexpensive holidays in the USA and the USSR by means of living-in exchanges between families . . . and dozens of other proposals.

When the politicians of both countries are incapable of coming to any agreement on disarmament — when disarmament depends on trust — when trust is lacking and progress in building it depends on the issue of disarmament — then the first step required to break out of this circle is to create a common community. Neighbouring citizens of the East and West must themselves initiate measures to understand each other, know each other better, and overcome distrust.

What are the future prospects of the group?

Batovrin: Despite the fact that most of us are by nature optimists, we have to speak of realities, which look ominous. Legal proceedings are being prepared against us, repressions continue, and there is a slander campaign in the press. It looks as if a final, crushing defeat will be dealt to us in the very near future. But we intend to go on with our struggle.

The fate of the independent peace movement today depends in large part upon whether our colleagues in the Western peace movement wait for us to be arrested before they intervene on our behalf, or whether they respond at once, now, to a threat which has already been perfectly evident — for half a year — in the ceaseless repression and persecution of their Moscow colleagues.

In the last analysis, we are not just talking about the persecution of a small group of people. We are dealing with a problem of fundamental significance — the fate of the world depends upon whether each person understands that a peaceful future requires a peaceful defence of the right to struggle for peace. □

AUSTRALIA

Long knives

Claudia Wright reports on pre-election politics

IT IS A TIME-HONOURED tactic of ambitious politicians in Australia to advance themselves by sabotaging their own party leaders at election time. The Australian electorate, it could be said, prefers as Prime Minister the man who can emerge from an ambush, with the opponents' knives still in his back, and with blood on his own hands.

Last week, when the Conservative Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, called a snap election for 5 March, he thought he was setting a trap for the Australian Labor Party (ALP). But, if the quality of the scheming and plotting over the past two months is any guide to the election result, Bob Hawke, the new leader of the Labor Party, has out-done Fraser. The voters will have a choice between two men who have ambushed their way to the top with equal ruthlessness. Early polls show Hawke well ahead of Fraser, with a large minority of former Conservative and minor party voters switching to him.

Former ALP leader, Bill Hayden, failed to achieve that cross-over necessary for the party to win a majority in the gerrymandered House of Representatives. If Hawke wins, Fraser will be buried by his own careful ambush. If Hawke, who was President of the trade union movement and entered parliament less than three years ago, loses — after his long plotting to claim the ALP leadership — then the party will pass into the hands of a new generation of ambush artists.

Since early December last year, when the Liberal Party won an important by-election in Victoria, Fraser's machine has been galvanising for an early election. It was to be timed for just after the Prime Minister met President Reagan and the Queen — two vital endorsements for Australian Conservative campaigning — and just before Prince Charles and family arrived for a visit. Fraser even stumbled on a new technique for improving his dismal 33 percent public approval rating. In November he had surgery on his back and for nearly three months recuperated at 'Nareen', his rural estate, out of the public eye. His approval rating jumped six points.

Hawke went into hospital in mid-January for surgery on his varicose veins. While he recovered, the faction bosses blocking his rise to the leadership of the parliamentary caucus decided they could no longer support Hayden as leader. Spies in each party appear to have kept the other well informed about what was happening. Fraser knew that Hayden was about to get the Black Spot and seems to have advanced the election date a



Bob Hawke

week, hoping to capitalise on the ALP's internal squabbling.

Hawke knew Fraser was going to call an election and may have encouraged his union allies into making strike threats that undermined Hayden's public standing. Fraser leapt at the chance of exploiting the union threats and Hayden's weakness as election issues, but Hawke was able to top them both. What Hayden couldn't persuade the unions to do before he stepped down as leader, Hawke was able to pull off the minute he stepped up — the unions withdrew their threats. The strike card Fraser thought he was playing turned into Hawke's ace in the hole.

In the brief campaign ahead, it will suit the ALP to make the election a straight personality contest. Fraser has already abandoned the deflationary policies that have produced the worst economic conditions in Australia since 1930. He has stolen from them a variety of job-creation, demand-stimulus proposals. There was never much to distinguish Hawke's economic approach from that of the Conservatives, but he can promise to deliver union acquiescence. After accepting Fraser's scheme for a partial wage freeze, Hawke is promising to convene a summit conference of Australian capital and labour. This idea is unlikely to go far after Hawke is elected, but then it won't matter.

Until 5 March the two ex-Oxford graduates will slug it out. Hawke has ingratiated himself with the media for years, while the supercilious Fraser has snubbed them. The press was Hawke's principal weapon in his campaign for the Labor leadership, and the press has magnified the personal distinctions between the two men because the proprietors are reassured by the lack of genuine policy differences between them.

Hawke's over-weening ambition has been a personal disadvantage for him within the Labor Party itself. Unless he can transform Labor Party rules, an ALP cabinet will be at least as difficult for him to dominate as it was for the last Labor Prime Minister, Gough Whitlam.

If Labor wins, it will do so on a grounds-well of support for environmental conservation. The 'green' element in the new par-

liament is likely to hold Hawke back from many of the deals into which he would otherwise be tempted by his business friends. Even Hawke's long friendship with Rupert Murdoch will have to face determined ALP pledges to break up the media monopolies that have played their part in keeping Labor out of power for 30 of the past 33 years.

If Labor wins, also, the senior Ministry of External Affairs will go to Bill Hayden. He is far more critical than Hawke of the extent to which Australian foreign policy has been drafted in Washington. Hayden could easily become the least compromising 'Australia first' foreign minister in Australian history.

US administrations have a record of plotting against the ALP going back to the first Menzies government in the early 1950s. As Prime Minister, Hawke is unlikely to want to open the dossier on American intervention in Australia over the years, culminating in the 1975 constitutional coup that toppled Whitlam. Nor is he likely to disclose or want to renegotiate the secret agreements covering the operation of US bases in Australia. But Hayden won't be so easily satisfied.

The Fraser government has quietly allowed Washington to integrate Australia within its Rapid Deployment Force strategy for the Persian Gulf. It has opened Australian ports to nuclear-powered, nuclear-armed warships for the first time. In 1981, in a *Newsweek* interview, Fraser fudged on the question of the deployment of American nuclear weapons in Australia. 'There has not been a request and I do not foresee one. If a request was made, we would have to judge it in accordance with the circumstances at the time . . .' What this has meant in practice is that Australian defence planning calls for storage of US nuclear weapons on Australian soil in a crisis. The facilities have already been built.

Hawke has gone along with American military planning. Hayden has been more critical of American strategy and as Foreign Minister could mobilize strong party and public support.

Hayden is also at odds with Hawke over the latter's unswerving support for Israel. Hayden's meeting with Yasser Arafat in 1979, his sympathy for Palestinian statehood and his condemnation of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon have made him a constant target of Zionist attack. Hawke has already been publicly endorsed by Israeli General Chaim Bar-Lev, the former chief of staff, who was visiting Australia, when he was formally named opposition leader. Bar-Lev called him 'a devoted friend of Israel'. The pro-Israel lobby has, for example, so far blocked Foreign Ministry approval of a request from the Arab League to establish a bureau in Australia and prevented Radio Australia from undertaking a new Arabic language service. Hawke may not be able to prevent Hayden and other ministers from shifting Australia's Middle Eastern posture and, with it, its votes in the United Nations.

Hayden was one of the cleverest bureaucratic infighters during the Whitlam period. As a minister, he knows how to set about outmanoeuvring Hawke and taking his political revenge. □

New Statesman 11 February 1983

PERU

People's war

Colin Harding on guerilla warfare in the Andes

THE MURDER OF EIGHT Peruvian journalists and their guide at the end of last month in a remote corner of the Andes has brought a sudden glare of publicity to a bloody internal struggle which had attracted little outside attention for more than two years.

Eye-witness accounts say that the journalists were hacked and stoned to death by up to 400 Indian peasants in the village of Uchurucay, in the mountainous department of Ayacucho, on the mistaken assumption that they were guerrillas from the Maoist group known as Sendero Luminoso (Shining Path). Reports have subsequently emerged that the peasants had been ordered by special counter-insurgency troops operating in the area to kill anyone who approached them from inland. The journalists' deaths were an unfortunate accident, caused by the ferocious hatred of the Indians for the guerrillas.

This is the official version of events. As the whole region has now been closed to civilians, it cannot be checked. What has not been explained is why Indians in an area that has been solidly pro-guerrilla for years should suddenly turn against them on the say-so of the universally-loathed Sinchis (as the police counter-insurgency specialists are known).

It seems clear that the authorities have become desperate to win some 'victories' in their campaign. The journalists had gone to Uchurucay to investigate an official report that seven *senderistas* had been killed by Indians in the nearby village of Huaychao a few days earlier. All except one were from left-wing opposition newspapers, which had been carrying stories of atrocities committed by the Sinchis against the Indians. If the Indians themselves were to start killing guerrillas, it would help give the lie to these reports.

The tempo of the counter-insurgency effort began to quicken just before Christmas, when the Prime Minister, Manuel Ulloa, resigned, and serving officers were brought into a reshuffled cabinet by Peru's civilian President, Fernando Belaúnde Terry. The army was immediately ordered for the first time into Ayacucho, and the neighbouring departments of Apurímac and Huancaavelica.

Until then, the Sinchis had been making a poor job of containing the guerrilla movement, which though rural based was also showing an ability to operate in the towns and cities at will. By the end of last year, Peru seemed to be sliding towards civil war. Yet only two and a half years earlier, a

landslide victory at the polls had brought civilian rule back to Peru after 12 years of military dictatorship. The mood then was one of euphoria.

Hopes of rapid economic development and social reform were soon dissipated. Ulloa was compelled to resign not just because of his inability to deal with Sendero Luminoso, but by 70 per cent inflation, spiralling foreign debt obligations, dwindling export revenues and intractable unemployment.

Peru's only previous recent experience of guerrilla warfare was in 1965, when groups of enthusiastic but ill-prepared students and political activists from Lima tried to ignite the spark of revolution among the downtrodden Indian *campesinos* in the Andes. They found themselves completely isolated from the peasants and were mopped up in a ruthless, US-backed military operation.

This experience, combined with the impact of the Sino-Soviet split, shattered any remaining unity on the Peruvian Left, and led to years of schismatic struggles. When a reform-minded military regime seized power in 1968 many erstwhile *foquistas* joined the government, working in such areas as land reform and popular mobilisation. Fidel Castro gave his backing to a regime that nationalised US companies, defied Washington and the local oligarchy, and became a vociferous member of the non-aligned movement. Peru's Moscow-line Communist Party also gave the military government support, though the regime kept it at arms length.

Those on the Peruvian Left who did not share this enthusiasm for President Juan Velasco Alvarado's military 'revolution' appeared to have no practical alternative to offer. The general elections in May 1980, however, coincided with sporadic acts of terrorism and sabotage that turned out to be the first shots in the 'prolonged people's war' that is now being waged with growing intensity in many parts of the country.

Sendero Luminoso is led clandestinely by a supreme commander known simply as 'Comrade Gonzalo'. His real name is Abimael Guzmán Reynoso, a former philosophy lecturer at the small provincial University of San Cristóbal de Huamanga, in the capital of Ayacucho department.

Sendero's origins can be traced back to the struggles after the Sino-Soviet split.

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Guzmán, at that time the local party boss in Ayacucho, subsequently led a pro-Chinese faction out of the party to found the Maoist Bandera Roja (Red Flag) group.

Sendero are now a different proposition to the inexperienced idealists of the 1960s. For one thing, they resemble earlier guerilla movements in other Latin American countries, such as Montoneros in Argentina and the Tupamaros in Uruguay, in that they have people with technical and professional skills among the leadership — experts in demolition and explosives, logistics, communications and transport. For another, they are firmly rooted in the countryside of the south-central Andes. The years of careful preparation and propaganda work among the local *campesinos* have borne fruit. Sendero militants come from the people and (literally) speak the same language, Quechua, the ancient tongue of the Inca empire. Sendero is now able to mount raids on sophisticated Lima shopping centres as well as ambush police vehicles on lonely mountain roads. In the weeks before Christmas, assassination squads shot down three of the leading government representatives in Ayacucho. Whole areas of the interior are in the hands of the guerrillas. □

SPAIN

Gagging the press

Isobel Hilton on a right-wing judicial backlash

IT BEGAN AS A fairly routine assignment for Xavier Vinader when, in the autumn of 1979, a policeman walked into the Madrid offices of the magazine *Interviú*. The policeman, Francisco Ros Frutos, told *Interviú* that he wanted to denounce extensive collaboration between extreme right wing 'commando' squads and the police authorities in the Basque country. It was natural that Vinader, one of Spain's leading investigative journalists and authority on right wing terrorism, should be assigned to the story. But as a result of that story, just over three years later, Ros Frutos is in Madrid's Carabanchel prison awaiting trial. Last week the Spanish Supreme Court confirmed a sentence of seven years' imprisonment on Vinader. The charge was 'professional irresponsibility'.

The policeman's tale proved worth investigating. Initially, Ros Frutos had been alienated from his police colleagues for personal reasons: a love affair with a Basque woman had brought the couple under severe pressure from Ros Frutos' fellow policemen, who feared the woman might be an agent for the Basque separatists, ETA.

But Ros Frutos' disillusionment had gone much further. Inspired by the suspicion that the strong thread of Fascism which ran

through the police force led directly to the protection and encouragement of the ultra right — whose activities included political assassination on both sides of the Spanish-French border — Ros Frutos began his own investigations. Using as middleman a former colleague he knew to have ultra right tendencies, he made contact with Fuerza Nueva, the notorious ultra right terrorist organisation. The meeting place was a sleazy bar in the Bilbao area.

A reporter and photographer were duly despatched to Bilbao to pursue the investigation. (Vinader himself joined them some time later.) But soon after Vinader's arrival in Bilbao, Ros Frutos was shot and wounded by two assailants — an attack he later claimed was perpetrated by the security forces as punishment for talking. The journalists left Bilbao and, after extensive discussions at *Interviú*, it was decided to publish the story.

The first instalment, containing an interview with Ros Frutos entitled 'Why I became a policeman', was confiscated on publication. The second and third — Vinader's detailed account of police involvement with Fuerza Nueva — caused a sensation. Two weeks later, ETA murdered Jesus Garcia and, a week after that, Alfredo Ramos, proprietor of another bar mentioned in Vinader's articles.

Publication of Vinader's articles precipitated a series of death threats against the staff of *Interviú*, followed by the burning of several kiosks which sold the magazine. Vinader's editor sent him to cover the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan until the fuss died down. Three months later, Vinader was advised by his editor to postpone his return to Spain: a warrant had been issued for his arrest on the charges of incitement and collaboration with armed groups.

Vinader then spent a year on foreign assignments, during which time Ros Frutos was arrested on similar charges. Released on bail in September 1980, the former policeman is now back in prison. In November 1980, the appointment of a new and liberal Attorney General encouraged Vinader to believe that he might return to Spain. After a week in Madrid's notorious Carabanchel prison, Vinader was released pending trial. A year later he was sentenced, not on the original charges which the prosecution admitted could not be proved, but for 'professional irresponsibility'.

The charge of professional irresponsibility has never before been brought against a journalist. It rests on an obscure clause in the penal code, used against negligent truck drivers or drunken airline pilots. The precedent set by the court was to accept a causal connection between information published in a newspaper and the actions of a third party, making the journalist responsible as an accomplice to those actions. 'Imagine for instance,' Vinader said last week, 'that you publish a piece which demonstrates that a banker is dishonest. If a total stranger then assaults the banker, it can be held to be your responsibility'.

The Vinader case is the latest in a campaign of judicial pressure on the liberal and left wing press — a campaign which is un-

dermining the precarious press freedoms established since the death of Franco. Victims so far include the editors of Spain's two main dailies, Juan Luis Cebrián and Miguel Angel Aguilar, and many writing journalists. The charges range from 'disrespect' for the police and the Guardia Civil to 'disrespect' for the judiciary itself.

Of the five judges who sat in Court Number Two of the Supreme Court (*Audiencia Nacional*) on Vinader's appeal, four are known to have extreme right-wing sympathies. All became senior judicial figures under Franco. During his recent tenure of the post of First Judge of the *Audiencia Nacional*, a certain Judge Rafael Gomez Chaparro promoted a series of Francoist judges to senior positions. Chaparro was eventually removed from his post after the escape from detention of a Fuerza Nueva leader, under investigation for the murder of five Communist lawyers in January 1977. Chaparro's investigation of the case was not thorough and the unusual freedoms he allowed the prisoner appear to have contributed to the escape.

Vinader's only remaining legal recourse is an appeal to Spain's Constitutional Tribunal on the grounds that his sentence violates the constitutional guarantee of freedom of expression. His lawyers are also investigating the possibility of a retrial, on the grounds of manifest irregularity in his case. Neither course, until the socialist government grasps the nettle of judicial reform, will be easy. 'The judges are saying,' said Eduardo San Martín last week, 'that, whatever the government wants, there are limits. And it is the judges who are going to set those limits, not the government.' □

FRANCE

Force versus detente

Diana Johnstone on Franco-German relations

Paris

AS THE EUROMISSILES controversy shakes up the European political scene, the French are having a particularly hard time coming to grips with the emerging realities. For one thing, France's German neighbour has turned out to be, not Europe's political dwarf, but its political giant, capable, without any nuclear weapons, of forcing the two nuclear superpowers to sit down in Geneva and negotiate arms reductions. For another, the whole French nuclear deterrent strategy, so essential to domestic political consensus, is threatened with a fatal loss of credibility.

Both these developments have been accomplished by a great popular movement, but also, to a large extent, by the astute tenacity of the German Social Democratic Party (SPD) in pursuing *detente* and *Ostpoli-*

nk. Far from appreciating the political prowess of their fellow socialists in the Federal Republic of Germany, French socialists have rashly displayed their preference for the pale, less independent leadership of Christian Democratic Chancellor Helmut Kohl – rashly, because a victorious comeback of the SPD in the uncertain 6 March elections can by no means be ruled out.

The dissolved Bundestag met one last time on 20 January to hear French President Francois Mitterrand speak in celebration of the 1963 Franco-German treaty designed by Adenauer and de Gaulle to put an end to the 'centuries-old rivalry' between their two countries. Luckily, Mitterrand displayed no recollection of his own refusal to vote in favour of ratification of the treaty 20 years ago, on the grounds that it 'made Germany the leader' and 'did nothing for French prestige'. Instead, he stressed loyalty to the Atlantic Alliance and warned darkly against any thoughts of 'uncoupling' Europe from the American continent. The political meaning of this tacit reproach to the German left was visible in the distribution of applause in the Bundestag. The right clapped while the left sat in stony silence.

WHILE THE GERMANS' position on the front lines of any eventual east-west nuclear confrontation has obliged them to think seriously, French defense doctrine is the product of conflicting domestic political requirements, which explains its air of unreality and its flagrant contradictions. After years of opposing the *force de frappe*, the French socialist and communist parties rallied to its defense in the late seventies when it appeared that they might actually come to power and have to keep the military happy. The left swallowed the Gaullist doctrine thanks to its ambiguities. If the bomb ensures French independence, can't that mean independence from the United States? That is the interpretation preferred by the communists and the nationalist left socialists around Jean-Pierre Chevenement.

'The French forces cannot be taken into account in the Geneva negotiations by the two overarmed superpowers,' Mitterrand stated flatly. 'Any arrangement based on a calculation of that sort would be resolutely rejected by my country.' This was the point of most direct clash with the SPD, which has come out in favour of counting French and British nuclear systems on the western side when figuring up the balance of forces in Europe at the Geneva talks.

Even before Mitterrand spoke in Bonn, the SPD left was counterattacking. Saarbrücken Mayor Oskar Lafontaine and others issued a statement calling it 'incompatible with Franco-German friendship for French short-range nuclear missiles to be aimed at the Federal Republic'. In the name of the German peace movement, the statement called the French socialist-communist government's support for American nuclear 'modernisation' on European soil 'a slap in the face to all progressive and peaceful forces in Europe' and said that 'the modernising of French tactical nuclear weapons are further steps to the nuclearisation of the French battlefield in the Federal Republic

of Germany'.

THE CONTRADICTION BETWEEN this interpretation and traditional socialist Atlanticism shows up in Mitterrand's emphasis on the independent French nuclear deterrent at the same time that he stresses the need for 'balance of forces' – implicitly negating the 'equalising' quality of nuclear deterrence. Mitterrand's constant call for restoration of balance is a way of rallying to NATO, in logic, but not in deeds.

In his attempt to prevent Germany's feared drift eastwards, Mitterrand offered to give substance to the 1963 treaty's promise to seek rapprochement in the two countries' military doctrine. He called on the Germans to appreciate the additional 'uncertainty' that French nuclear forces represent for a potential Soviet aggression. But if Germans are indeed uncertain that Americans would risk nuclear war to protect them, they are quite certain the French would not. Thus it is scarcely possible to present the French independent nuclear force as in German interest. And Germans of all political persuasions see French offers of military co-operation mainly as an attempt to get the Germans to pay for French defense.

In *Der Spiegel*, SPD Bundestag member Hermann Scheer asked French socialists to think over their position. De Gaulle's argument in favour of the independent French deterrent 'was never logical', he said. 'France's self-reliance was built on the backs of others: the German *Glacis* is the military buffer, the protective shield for France's atomic autonomy.'

On the other side of the argument, this point was acknowledged by one of France's few experts in this field, Pierre Lellouche, in a confused polemic in *Le Monde*: 'What would become of our defense concept "weak against strong", so comfortably resting on the German *Glacis*, protected by the American nuclear guarantee, if this *Glacis* should collapse in an accommodation with Moscow?' In short, the French fear that their nuclear bluff may be called. The Gaullist doctrine of the 'equalising' power of nuclear arms was developed to justify France's *force de frappe*, whose more immediate political purpose was to console the French military hierarchy for the loss of Algeria.

But if the French missiles are left alone in Europe to face the Soviet giant, it will be hard to continue to ignore the loss of credibility of nuclear suicide as a defense. The last gasp of the French effort to hang onto

their nuclear faith takes the form of angry suspicion of the German peace movement, which has dared challenge established assumptions.

Thus Lellouche typically warned: 'the new and fundamental factor in Germany is that the nationalism which used to be rightwing has today moved to the left and expresses itself by anti-Americanism and the neutralist temptation. The danger for France is thus not that of a vengeful Germany with nuclear power provided by Washington, but rather of a Germany rendered insecure, neutralist and denuclearised under the double pressure of military and political blackmail from the USSR and the nationalist dream of certain German ecologists.' □

CHINA

A fading romance

Jonathan Mirsky describes the US's diplomatic bungle

MRS THATCHER'S VISIT last year to Peking was a worse disaster – but not much. Although the US Secretary of State's press agents succeeded in briefly persuading some correspondents that the US and China had patched up their tattered relations, in fact George Shultz's four days in Peking last week left the clear impression that the Sino-American romance, kindled in 1972 by Richard Nixon, has gone wrong.

Like Mrs Thatcher, what the Americans cannot grasp is that China is determined eventually to recover its lost territories, especially Hong Kong and Taiwan. (In the case of possessions, like much of Siberia, 'temporarily' in the hands of the USSR, Peking takes a long view.) When Mrs Thatcher proclaimed that 'a treaty is a treaty', while she was in Asia – expecting China today to feel bound by concessions wrung from the 19th-century Manchus – she provoked the Peking leadership to issue statements about their plans for the immediate future of Hong Kong.

So it has been with Reagan. His neander-

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thal Republicanism conceives of Taiwan as an American 'Falklands'. Despite Washington's recognition, in agreements with Peking reaching back to 1972, that the island is a part of China, Reagan's sense of obligation to the heirs of Chiang Kaishek still causes the US to sell the most up-to-date weapons to Taiwan. In China's eyes, this is the equivalent of Peking offering arms to a secessionist Hawaii.

Someone in Shultz's party to Peking was reported as having remarked: 'Obviously the point they are making is that Taiwan is a problem in relations. We know that.'

Wrong. It is not a problem. 'Taiwan is the principle obstacle to better relations with the US,' Premier Zhao Ziyang told his Peking press conference during the Shultz negotiations.

The most optimistic observation that Shultz could muster – even his famous suaveness got parched in Peking's winter dust – was that 'things look sort of better, across the board'. The Chinese, who avoid tearing off their guests in public, waited for the Americans to leave for Korea, and then uttered the rebuke they have generally reserved for the Russians: 'Actual deeds rather than empty words and promises are essential if relations are to be developed and mutual trust and confidence established.'

Taiwan wasn't all. The Chinese are furious about what they see as the American trading imbalance with China and US protectionism. Only two weeks ago the Chinese side terminated high-level bargaining sessions in Peking.

Then there is military equipment. Although Peking recognises that its forces will require ages to modernise (and has just cut its defence budget deeply for the third year running), China's leaders are shocked that Reagan has not kept the Carter promises to furnish China with some military technology. In 1980, Carter's Defence Secretary Harold Brown said in Peking 'the US military and the Chinese military are going to take parallel actions'. White House adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski put it even more sharply at the time: 'If we cozy up to Peking it will infuriate the Russians, and anything that makes them angry is good for us.'

In those days Chinese military men were trooping to Washington with extensive shopping lists. But last week Premier Zhao said bluntly: 'No military ties exist between China and the US,' and the hottest military tip from Peking was the possibility of some American help with military medicine and education, and perhaps a visit from Caspar Weinberger. (The Chinese offered only lukewarm agreement to a Reagan-Zhao exchange of visits 'at some appropriate time'.)

But although it is true that only two years ago the Chinese were dreaming of sheltering behind the American eagle, they have now moved back to their traditional Maoist stance of Third World leaders. Premier Zhao has just completed a marathon month's trip through Africa, where he reminded everyone that China, unlike Moscow, had backed the winners in Zimbabwe and was prepared to recognise the Angolan regime, which at one time Peking (together with the CIA) had worked to destabilise.

During the Nixon-Carter era of good relations, China veiled the Maoist vision of an inevitable global war. But today Peking contends that 'the shadow of the superpowers hangs over the Third World', and that only determined Third World resistance can prevent the great showdown. 'Washington-Moscow meddling' is held responsible for every Third World emergency and American stonewalling on Taiwan is now China's favourite example of the process (apart from Russian backing for the Vietnamese occupation of Kampuchea).

If and when Premier Zhao decides to find the time to visit the White House, Ronald Reagan will doubtless be his genial laid-back self. Someone should remind the President, though, that Mao Zedong once told the Russians that China would wait 900 years, if necessary, to get back Vladivostok. □

BOLIVIA

High life of a Nazi

Paul Tarr reveals how Klaus Barbie survived in exile

KLAUS BARBIE, the 'Butcher of Lyons', was a leading figure in Bolivia's multi-billion dollar cocaine trade, long protected by a succession of successive military dictators.

For over three decades Barbie's luck held out until, last October, the civilian government of President Siles Zuazo took power. By an ironic twist, it was Siles Zuazo who – then a junior minister – authorized the citizenship papers of a certain Klaus Altmann, an apparently well-to-do German-born businessman, who had arrived recently in Bolivia from Europe via Argentina with his wife, young daughter and baby son. Over the next 30 years, under the alias of Altmann, Barbie became a personal friend of half a dozen Bolivian Presidents and a key figure in the international drug business.

At first life was not easy for him. Between the Bolivian revolution of 1952 and the military's return nearly 15 years later he was careful to distance himself from the succession of leftist civilian governments, spending much time in Peru, where he was engaged in a legitimate export business as well as in small time cocaine and gun running across the Bolivian border.

By 1966 it was safe for him to return to live in Bolivia. Barbie soon became a respectable – even respected – figure in La Paz, where he owned a plush apartment and was well known in all the best restaurants and bars. Outside the capital he ran a prosperous timber business and a ranch and owned a mansion outside the city of Cochabamba.

Barbie cultivated many friends in high places within the Bolivian military and government – which came in useful when, in 1972, his true identity was discovered. The

French lawyer, Beate Klarsfeld, first revealed that Altmann and Barbie were one and the same, causing outcry in France and an immediate extradition request from the French government. Although imprisoned for eight months pending a decision from the Bolivian Supreme Court, Barbie was eventually released following the personal intervention of the then President, General Hugo Banzer. Barbie had become close friends with Banzer and is said to have supplied him with the guns for the 1971 putsch which brought him to power. Barbie was rewarded with a diplomatic passport, which he used for a sentimental return trip to France and Germany the same year.

Through Banzer, Barbie's involvement with the military and with the booming cocaine trade grew steadily throughout the 1970s. Barbie also put his Gestapo skills to good use, becoming an advisor on anti-guerilla and interrogation methods. The same skills were put at the disposal of the drug business and by 1978 Barbie was in command of all the right-wing paramilitary bands that guarded the drug mafia's interests. Through the cocaine trade he became involved with some of the world's most notorious right-wing terrorists – like the Italians Stefano Della Chiaie and Pierluigi Pagliai, members of neo-Nazi 'Armed Revolutionary Nuclei', the group believed responsible for the 1980 Bologna station bombing in which 85 people died.

At about this time Barbie became alarmed by the prospect of the return to power of a civilian government. A meeting was arranged in January 1980 with the then Army Commander, General Garcia Meza, held in a hunting lodge near the cocaine capital of Santa Cruz. A coup was planned and Barbie promised to organise his 'paramilitaries' in preparation. The coup was staged the following July and Barbie worked closely with the then head of Military Intelligence, the notorious Colonel Arce Gomez, in the rounding-up, torture and occasional killing of political opponents. A few months later Barbie again cooperated with Arce Gomez in the elimination of all the small time cocaine dealers in Bolivia – thus consolidating the hold of the country's drug barons.

By October 1982, however, the military had been replaced by the Siles Zuazo regime and an immediate crackdown on all those in the pay of the drug trade was begun. On the very day of the President's inauguration, a daring raid to capture Della Chiaie and his lieutenant Pagliai was carried out by Bolivian police in cooperation with special commandos of the Italian carabinieri. Although Della escaped to Argentina, Pagliai was successfully returned to Rome aboard an Alitalia DC-10.

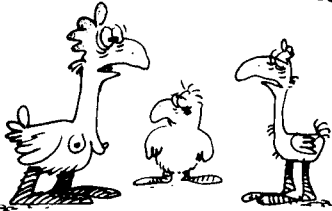
Della Chiaie was soon followed into exile by many of the foreign mercenaries previously led by Barbie and by many corrupt army officers such as former President Garcia Meza and his Interior Minister, Arce Gomez. Yet Barbie stayed on in Bolivia, confident that his citizenship and the absence of international extradition treaties with Bolivia would protect him until his military friends returned to power. His confidence was misplaced. □

BRETECHER

young generation

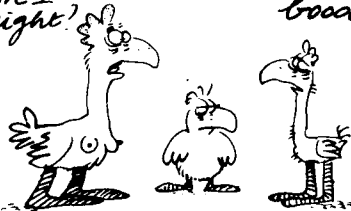
but what is it
that interests you
in life,
can you
tell me?

euaaaa!



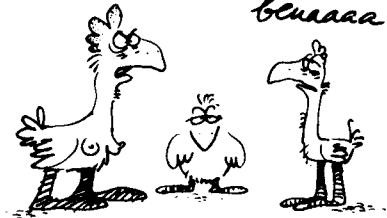
yes I know
you don't give a damn
about anything,
you want to work
as little as possible
earn as much as possible
and be left alone
am I
right?

boooo!



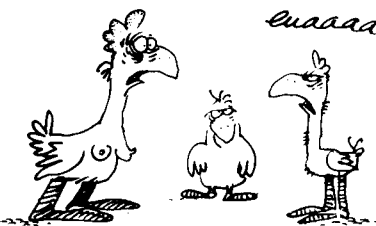
you just don't realise
that it's all a question
of politics
do you?

beuuuuuu



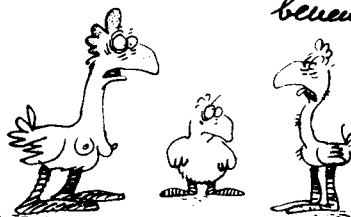
and sex,
I suppose that doesn't
interest you either
does it?

euaaaa

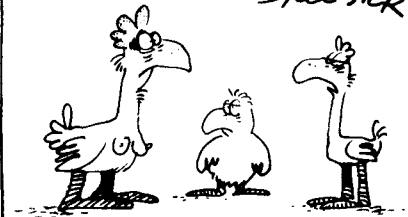


for you it's all
permissiveness
and you couldn't
care less

beuuuuuu



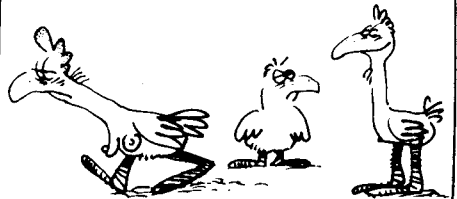
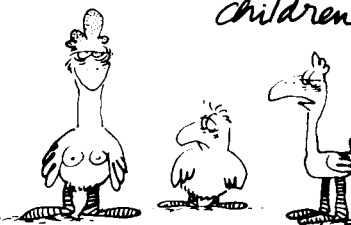
don't
talk like that
I feel sick



to start with
I'm not
interested in
permissiveness
and I'm against
abortion

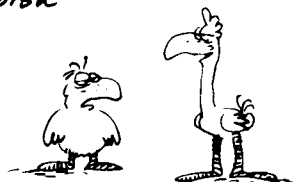


I want
to get married
and have
children



you're really
mean to try
and make
mum believe
all that
rubbish

oh she loves it
it gives her
something
to talk
about



if she only
knew that
I couldn't care less
what I think
it would finish
her off



BRETECHER

END with a bang, or a whimper?

Julian Harber, member END Co-ordinating Committee, Halifax, W. Yorks.

In their hostile response to END's reply to Zhukov both Ron Huzzard and John Endersby fall into the same curious error — that of equating the status and activities of the Soviet Peace Committee with those of the organisations of the British peace movement.

Thus, according to Huzzard, it would be legitimate for the Soviet Peace Committee to counter British peace movement criticism of the harassment of the Moscow Independent Peace Group by pointing to high western unemployment figures. And, according to Endersby, British peace movement criticism of Soviet government policies in Afghanistan and elsewhere is to be equated with Soviet Peace Committee criticism of British government behaviour towards the Falklands, Diego Garcia and Northern Ireland.

The Soviet Peace Committee is a semi-official agency of the Soviet Government. Its Chairman Mr Zhukov is a prominent foreign affairs writer for the Soviet Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* and a member of its Central Committee. Neither he nor his Committee have ever publicly criticised the actions of the Soviet government — even mildly — on any issue whatsoever. They cannot therefore absolve themselves from such matters as the invasion of Czechoslovakia or the pressure put on Poland. Or indeed from the persecution of the Moscow Group.

CND and END, however, are organisations of private citizens completely independent of the British government. They cannot be held responsible for that government's foreign or other policies — many of which they are deeply critical of (criticism that extends incidentally to two of the three matters mentioned by Endersby — the Falklands and Diego Garcia). Even its most severe critics have yet to blame the British peace movement for Western unemployment figures.

Huzzard further muddles matters by confusing the general issue of human rights with the specific one of peace rights in Eastern Europe. As a single issue campaign concerned with peace, CND has not surprisingly declined to become involved in general human rights questions. On peace rights, however — whether in Turkey or the Soviet Union — CND has, as one would expect, been vigilant and outspoken. And its views are set out quite clearly in the latest issue of their activists' journal *Campaign*:

We will always support the right to demand disarmament, and the right to demonstrate peacefully for disarmament in any country. When any government is faced with home-grown critics — especially critics who claim to be working for disarmament and peace — CND expects it to argue the matter politically, not to harass, victimise, threaten or repress peace activists in any way, whether 'legally' or not.

Surely neither Huzzard or Endersby — both Quakers — would dissent from that? How could they?

Michael Barratt Brown, Northern College, Barnsley, S. Yorks.

It is depressing to read the two letters from leading Quakers in your issue of 28 January which

criticise END's defence of itself against the intemperate attack on it by Mr Zhukov of the Soviet Peace Committee. John Endersby and Ron Huzzard must both know that the aims of END, as it was enshrined in the 1980 Appeal, were to establish a *non-aligned movement* for nuclear free zones in Europe. The appeal did not assign *equal* blame to the USA and the USSR for the nuclear arms race in Europe, but it did say that there was *blame on both sides*. It is an extraordinary presumption for Ron Huzzard to claim that the 'consensus view of the British Peace Movement' agrees with him that the official Soviet Peace Committees should be regarded as obvious candidates for membership of such a non-aligned



Peter Kennard

movement for END. Those who are protesting in Britain against the siting of Cruise missiles here are far from accepting any kind of Soviet leadership against the Reagan-Thatcher threat.

John Endersby and Ron Huzzard appear, moreover, to have accepted the Soviet accusation that END and the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation were guilty of splitting the Peace Movement. This was, they say, because invitations to the Berlin Convention went only to non-aligned groups; delegates from Warsaw Pact countries being invited only as observers and not as full members. The action of the Soviet Peace Committee in discouraging Finnish and Belgian groups from attending the Convention surely means that it is the guilty party in trying to split the non-aligned Peace movement.

The proof of this must be in the fact that neither END nor the BRPF were invited to attend the meeting in Moscow this weekend, where Ron Huzzard says that we could and should have raised our points. We tried to do just that. The BRPF asked the Soviet Peace Committee two weeks ago for an invitation for me to attend. Last Wednesday I received a phone call from the Soviet Embassy that 'my' request had been received too late by the Soviet Peace Committee for them to accommodate (me) and so no visa

could be issued. The Soviets must appear only to want to have aligned delegates at their conferences.

Hugh Jenkins, Vice-President, CND.

Neither END nor your correspondents have a firm conviction that our world is approaching its end. If they had they would recognise that talking to the Russians is the *only* hope of avoiding the coming catastrophe and that *nothing* should be allowed to stand in the way of that dialogue.

Lord Fenner Brockway, World Disarmament Campaign, London NW1

Mrs Thatcher *claims* to be in favour of multilateral disarmament. It is to be hoped that her government will respond to the recent proposals of the Warsaw Pact more favourably than their recent record would indicate.

At the June/July United Nations Second Special Session on Disarmament the British Delegation opposed:

- 1) A comprehensive test ban agreement
- 2) A bilateral freeze on nuclear weapon development
- 3) A comprehensive programme for disarmament

These actions were characteristic of the continuous policy declared in Parliament of support for negotiated disarmament whilst rejecting proposals to implement it.

1983 is a critical year for humanity. It may bring effective disarmament or an escalation of nuclear weapons. Proposals of the Soviet Union have often been rejected as *insincere*, as for propaganda only. Well, let the British Government urge the West to put the Warsaw Pact programme to the test. Let talks begin at Geneva seriously.

We believe that there is now a real opportunity to achieve the ending of nuclear weapons and the beginning of wider world disarmament, to demolish both SS20 and the back-firing bomber on the one side, and the Cruise missile and Pershing II on the other, and indeed to proceed with the Comprehensive Programme now under consideration at Geneva. It will be the sincerity not only of the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact countries which will be tested this year, but also the sincerity of the British government and the West. There is now hope of success.

Peter Blomley, Research Officer, The Council for Arms Control, Windsor

The Council for Arms Control is not an anti-CND organisation as suggested in the article 'Tories wage secret war on peace campaigners' (NS 28 Jan) by Duncan Campbell. I would like to clarify the Council's position for you.

The Council for Arms Control receives no government or official finance. The Council endeavours to be constructive and its discussion papers have been generally welcomed by groups working for disarmament. Many people who have requested our Bulletins are also involved with other peace or development groups.

The article was also mistaken in that Lord Chalfont is not and never has been a member of the Council for Arms Control.

God on whose side?

Sir John Biggs-Davison MP, House of Commons

When clergymen assert that Christians must be Socialists this perversion of Christian socio-political doctrine must be refuted. Hence the conference which prompted Raphael Samuel's article (*NS*, 28 Jan).

He cites the 'Tory democracy' of 'Throne and altar', ingredients, certainly, of a political philosophy with Judaeo-Christian roots which should not be misrepresented because it has from time to time been adulterated or ignored within a party that, like its main opponent, is a coalition.

The 'Tories' (popish bandits) venerated a Royal Martyr judicially murdered, as Disraeli, father and son, held, 'for the cause of the Church and the cause of the poor' and restored to the Anglican calendar in the *Alternative Service Book*. Charles (despite the Whig historians) had striven with more honesty than tact to keep even justice for the poor and the rich and stop the ejection of tenants for the sake of more profitable farming. Reactionary? Perhaps. Christian? Certainly.

After the rich men's revolution the Tories kept, Lecky wrote, 'the sympathy of the country clergy, the country gentry, and of the poor'. Their tradition inspired the factory reforms of Michael Sadler, Peel and Shaftesbury; the Tory opposition to the Whig Poor Law; the Tory legalisation of Trades Unions and the right to strike; the public health and housing legislation under Disraeli.

Not that Disraeli was blind to the dangers that State intervention brings. In 1859 he warned that rising public expenditure made property less valuable and freedom less complete. Tories reject extremes of economic liberalism and of collectivism.

'Thatcherism' has not done away with State intervention: witness the large spending on training for work and regional development. The reinstatement of market forces is necessary even for the rescue of a mixed economy. Britain has been more socialised than other states in Western Europe and, in some respects, than some states in Eastern Europe.

Yes, Conservatives believe in original sin and the limitations of government and secular education. Those who impose a total socialist or other 'earthly paradise' only succeed in bringing hell upon earth. Home and share ownership, encouragement of small business and private endeavour serve the individual and the family, for Christians and Conservatives the basic social unit, and help them become the responsible beings intended by their Creator.

No space for arms and the Christian, a subject brilliantly analysed in *The Times* of 30 January by one of your editorial predecessors. But Mr Samuel in his interesting comparison with the inter-war period does not mention the attacks made by Duff Cooper, at the War Office, on the established bishops.

Israel

Avraham Shomroni, UK Representative of Mapam & Kibbutz Artzi, London NW6

Rabbi David Goldberg's 'Israel after the flood' (*NS* 14 Jan) brought a welcome echo from the Israeli peace-camp. The New Outlook conference on 'Peace in the Middle-East' was a very serious discussion between people from different places and nations but luckily it was not as 'splendidly isolated' as the article pessimistically suggests. Naturally, if Rabbi Goldberg chose to record mainly his conversations with the Israeli Labour Party he would not be reassured. Arbitrarily he blurs the issue and does not mention Mapam,

which worked hard but unsuccessfully to persuade its partners in the Alignment not to vote with the Government in favour of the misnamed 'Peace for Galilee' war. In the end, Mapam's deputies and another three were the only Zionists in the Knesset not to vote with the Government.

About New Outlook itself, while all of us are proud of the spiritual fatherhood of Martin Buber, it rests, of course, also on the Hashomer Hatzair Kibbutz Federation, which is a part of Mapam, who inscribed on its banner in 1927 that Israel is the 'common homeland of the Jewish people returning to it and the Palestinian people living there'. With its ideology and organisation, Mapam has been the most firm and consistent political force for peace and social progress in Israel and the basic support for all peace-oriented ventures like New Outlook and Peace Now. In London, too, New Outlook may most conveniently be obtained from the Mapam offices: 37 Broadhurst Gdns, London NW6.

Harold Smith, London SW15

Mrs Thatcher's recreations are of no interest to me. What is of concern to me is the *New Statesman's* attitude, which seems to be the destruction of Israel.

The most effective political confidence trick of recent years has been to convince people, who normally would shrink from violence and terrorism, that the PLO is some kind of democratic body – a sort of Arab pressure group. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Not only the PLO but other Arab leaders have made it unmistakably clear – they wish to eliminate Israel from the face of the earth. They slaughter, exile and imprison their own citizens ruthlessly. They assassinate, or attempt to assassinate, their neighbours' leaders and emissaries in their own country and also in the streets of London and in other capital cities. Why should they act any differently towards the Israelis?

The Arab nations are reactionary, feudal and barbaric with no democracy, no free speech, no free press. Whatever may be said of Israel none of this applies. People in their tens of thousands protest against their government and continue to speak out against the Begin policies. And rightly so. All honour to them. But where are the dissidents in the Arab countries? In prison, in exile or killed. That is the difference.

Irish questions

Bernard Crick, Birkbeck College, University of London

Tom Paulin mocks me for saying that the SDLP 'may not have been right' in abstaining from the Northern Ireland Assembly: 'that hesitant little verb "may" is expansively cagey and self-protective'. Indeed, and I would recommend him to be more cautious and open-minded. No one is an authority on a country simply by being born there. The curse of commentary on Ireland is that people back up their hopes with foolish certitude about what is happening (may be happening). He surmises that I am 'apparently writing a book on Northern Ireland' (which I am not) and that my 'aimable ignorance is dismaying'. Why must discussion of Northern Ireland always be conducted by dogmatic abuse? This is a tradition of writing we could do without.

The gravity and complexity of the British-Irish question occasionally deserves a calm and speculative tone. Rhetoric is fun but may at times be irresponsible. What we want to see may not always be especially likely to occur. Beware the poet who knows the truth about Ireland.

Guesses and facts

Terry Page, Editor, Oxford Mail, Oxford

In her report on DHSS fraud investigations in your issue of 28 January, Ms Ros Franey says that the Editor of the *Oxford Mail* received a visit from the police who told him to drop the story because the *Mail's* investigations were pre-empting their own. She also claims that reporter Peter McIntyre was later summoned to an interview with a Detective Inspector.

Since Ms Franey was not present at the relevant meeting between the police and myself, and because she did not take the trouble to ask me what happened at that meeting, her statement can be no more than a guess. It is, in fact, an incorrect guess.

What happened was that two senior policemen asked (not told) me to stop our investigations. This was refused and they were told our investigations would continue. However, in view of arrests which were apparently soon to take place I agreed to delay publication until the end of August. If the police operation had not resulted in some kind of public action by then, I would publish. As it is now known, Operation Major took place on 2 September – two days after my deadline.

It was during this meeting that I arranged with the police for my reporters to meet them at their operational headquarters. Far from being 'summoned' there by the police, Mr McIntyre was sent there, with my crime reporter, by me. Their role was to find out details of what was going on, a common enough practice for newspaper reporters interested in facts rather than guesses.

** We are happy to print Mr Page's reply. Ros Franey's report was, though, not a 'guess' but was based on interviews with journalists on the Oxford Mail.*

Plus ça change

J. H. Owen, Weston-Super-Mare

I served in Ulster, Northern Ireland, continuously from June 1920 to December 1921. During this time as a Light Infantryman I did foot patrols and also lorry patrols, during the curfew, and when curfew was lifted. Every time we went on patrol we were told (not ordered) by Higher Authority to shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

This was done all the time I served in Ireland. It seems that the same idea is still observed in Northern Ireland and also in London.

Police constables Rampley & Teuton

In our issue of 13 August 1983 we carried an article by G. F. Newman, headed 'How coppers get bent'. With it we used a photograph of two police officers, without any caption or identification, standing before an advertisement on a hoarding with the words 'whose little piggies will be cold next winter?'. Our intention was to juxtapose a visual image of the Metropolitan Police with Mr. Newman's article.

We have since been informed that the officers in the photograph are Police Constables Rampley and Teuton of the Metropolitan Police Force. We did not intend to imply that these officers were corrupt or guilty of any misconduct. We unreservedly apologise to both police officers for any distress or embarrassment caused to them and recognise that the photograph should not have been used in that context.



Christine Roche

Kidding

by
Graham Swift

CAROL PHILLIPS had her first this week. A boy: Roger. So that makes all of them, all the ones, that is, I've kept up with. Jo, Maureen, Linda (with two now), Gill, Anne. And it's the same with Carol as it was with the others. I shan't ever talk to her again. Oh yes — I'll talk to her, but there'll be this space, this generation, between us. In a little while she'll be talking to *me* as though I'm a child. Even Carol. As though she too has owned up: yes, you can go on thinking as long as you like that you're young, young, young. Too young to be moving over and making way for the next lot. Too young for kids. But that's only kidding.

I drove down today to see Mum. In the countryside you're suddenly aware autumn's arrived. I caught her in the kitchen, wet clay up to her elbows, wrestling with a lump of shit-brown dough. She must have read somewhere in a magazine that all new widows ought to take up a hobby; so she goes to pottery classes in Ipswich. I

don't know if the magazine said anything about degrees of grief and degrees of hobby-activity, but Mum's gone in for clay-modelling in a big way.

'Actually', she explains, 'it's not the pottery at all.' She winks. 'The best dish in that class-room is the pottery teacher.' I don't know if she means it. She describes him. Bushy eyebrows; flecks of clay caught in his black beard. (But that can't be Mum's type: Dad never had a beard; Dad was the smooth, leathery, bovine type.)

'Oh Mum, really,' I say.

'It's true, that's what they're all there for.'

Then she explains that half the class consists of widows. (The same magazine?) Young widows. The relics of early coronaries and over-zealous company-car driving. Their average age is under forty.

Under forty. I suppose that must make it tough on Mum.

Something makes us look up through the kitchen window and we're suddenly surprised by a cow staring at us over the fence, across the narrow strip of garden. Its big wet eyes are only feet away. Given the tenor of our conversation, I can't resist the idea that it's Dad's ghost. It chews on a wad of cud, nostrils steaming. Mum opens the window and waves her clay-covered hands. 'Shoo! Shoo! Geroff with yer!' It snorts morosely and turns.

Mum doesn't like the country. The country was Dad's idea. To Mum the country means shooing cows from your back garden. She's a city woman: East-end-born. Dad was the country boy (Suffolk; pig-breeder's son) who came to the city out of, so it would seem, a sense of social duty rather than personal expectation. Who joined the Metropolitan Police. But always hankered — hankered rather sorely, rather desperately, as it happens, during his last years in

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the Force – to get back to green fields. And so he did – two years ago – after doing his due service.

He must have been filled with relief, that first morning, looking out of the window and seeing a herd of brown cows moving slowly across fields. Fields! Cows! Such big, patient, co-operative creatures. He must have thought it was all going to work, his little scenario: walks before breakfast amongst the cow-pats; some local, outdoor job, game-keeping maybe – ex-policemen make good game-keepers (it's hard to think that when Dad was only three years from retiring they sent him on a fire-arms course). But that shadow on his lung (which he never told Mum about – because plenty of good, clean country air would soon cure that) had other plans.

Now Mum's done her service in the country (just two years of it). But she can't ever go back to the city she once knew. They tore it all down years ago and made it awful, ready for the bomb to drop on it without much grieving. Now it's a cow-field in the country or a rabbit-hutch in the city with the neighbourhood kids (no reflection, Dad, on all your efforts) threatening to smash your windows or your face.

The cow lumbers off.

Yet how can it be Dad's ghost? – with a great plump udder swinging between its legs!

Then Mum shuts the window, I make coffee, and tell her about Carol Phillips.

'Well, that was fast work after all the dithering.'

'Yes, Mum, I can figure it out too. She must have been three months gone when she married. She must have been forced into it.'

'Forced? These days you can get rid of what you don't want.'

'Yes, these days you can get rid of what you don't want.'

'So she must have wanted. Decided.'

'She must have decided.'

'Don't repeat what I say. I can tell what you're thinking. You're looking moony. You're wondering if you're ever going to do the same.'

'Crap, Mum. You'll be saying next I ought to go to pottery classes.'

'Well, who is there at the moment?'

'There are no contenders at the moment.'

'Well.'

'Look, Mum, I'm quite happy on my own.'

She gives me a little sombre look.

'Happy. Glad. I could have been stuck with that pig Tony. I could have been dumped with his baby, and that would have been it for the rest of my life.'

'Your baby too. You got rid of Tony. These days you can get rid of what you don't want.'

She kneads clay.

A month after Dad died Mum suddenly told me, right here in this same kitchen, that she'd never loved him. Straight out. No tears or agonizing. Just a plain sober announcement of fact that she had to make to her daughter. Mum, you mean, all along? – No, no. I've only found out now. I mean, I only know now he's – Mum, (I had to be careful of treading on her grief), that's terri-

ble – twenty-five years. – No, it's not terrible. We thought we loved each other all the time. Amounts to the same. We helped each other through. Now I know – now I've told someone, it makes it simpler, easier, to carry on, start again.

Start again?

And then I thought: So where did I come from then?

'Some day', she says, pulling and squeezing the clay-dough into indecipherable shapes, 'you'll tell me just why he was such a pig.'

'Still is a pig. They're all pigs.'

But that's not true. Some are bulls. Some are even cows.

'You can talk to me about men, you know. You can. After the pottery classes, we go to the pub and we talk about men. Amazing things. It must be the clay.'

'I'm okay, Mum.'

And when, after Linda Johnson's wedding party, Carol and I, who were both pretty drunk and the only female guests not to provide themselves with token male escorts, had to sleep on the living-room floor

She steps back from the
kitchen table. I
examine the little
crude, half-formed
figure tortured out of
the lump of clay . . .

and sidled up together under the same tangle of blankets, it was Carol who giggled, not me: 'Hey, we'd better stop this, it could get addictive.' I didn't say anything about addiction. Or about stopping. But I was the one afterwards – Carol, I suppose, just sobered up – who thought: if I'd tested this addiction, if I'd said to Carol . . . my whole life might have been different, it might have been an interesting experiment, my whole life might have turned out differently.

Just as it might have done if I'd let that bucket drop on Dad's head.

That was long ago when we lived in Tottenham, and having a policeman for a father didn't put a stigma on you. They were just dependable, custodial types, plodding their diligent beats. And that was just how Dad saw himself: a doughty, upright servant of the community. You didn't hate them. You just made fun of them now and then, the way you make fun of any group with tendencies to stiffness and solemnity, the way children make fun of teachers and vicars.

I told Carol – she was my best friend – I'd perched the bucket on the door of our outside loo, so that Carol bet I never would. Every day, before setting off to the Station, the last thing Dad would do was take a crap in the outside loo. In his policeman's uniform. A kind of ruminative purging of his physical self before the day's eradication of crime. We had an inside loo too, but he

always took these craps in the outside loo. I suppose it made him think of the countryside. I can still smell the whiff of Dad's shit in our back-yard, vaguely redolent of farms and stables.

I spent several weeks trying to take up Carol's challenge. And, in any case, I really wanted to do it, to see Dad's face after his drenching. Uniform soaked. My bedroom window overlooked the yard. The loo door was often left ajar. It wasn't Dad's habit – vigilant though he was – to inspect it for booby-traps.

But I never put the bucket there. A voice inside me said, 'You're never going to do it, are you? You're kidding.' I didn't even lie to Carol. I said, Carol, I don't want to do it.

And now I think, if I'd done that simple thing, if I'd put the bucket there and Dad had . . ., my whole life might have turned out differently. And so might Dad's. He wouldn't have become the man who'd wanted to be a city policeman, because leaning on gates isn't enough, and then, after being a policeman so long, become slowly, undemonstratively paranoid about being a policeman, about being unrespected, about London – the Force – going to pot around him and not being able to – . And who wanted his daughter never to grow up, always to be the little girl with the clean frock and clean smile she was made to wear when she was small and he was a well-respected bobby. And who longed to lean on gates.

He might have become a clown.

Alternatively, he might have got more than a drenching. The edge of the zinc bucket might have landed smack on his skull. I might have knocked him down dead there and then.

Mum twists and tugs at the clay.

'Just what is it you're making there, Mum?'

'What do you think? A man, of course.'

She steps back from the kitchen table. I examine the little crude, half-formed figure tortured out of the lump of clay.

'Well – a biped', I say.

One of my words that Mum doesn't understand. One of my college words. An easy sarcasm. (A two-legged animal, Mum – like a cow is a quadruped.) She doesn't get the joke. She looks suddenly confused, like a scolded girl.

'Mum', I say, putting an arm around her, 'you're getting younger every day.'

'Yes,' she says, not disagreeing. She can't touch me because of the clay on her hands. 'Yes' – with a flat tone that says: And lonelier.

I wish you could make it happen. I wish you could make it happen just by wishing it and thinking it. It's happened once before in history. Or so they say, sort of. I wish, without going through all the other business, you could desire it very hard and so make your own baby. Oh, not for the sake of raising a family, or future generations, or parenthood, or any of that. Just for yourself. I wish I could look into the empty spaces and wish very strongly and make, no, not my baby, my lover. No, not even that. My friend. My friend. □

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LITERATURE

Anne Smith

Working on a dummy

The Writings of Evelyn Waugh

IAN LITTLEWOOD
Blackwell £12.50

It is a long time since I read a book of academic criticism. The rewards were so wildly disproportionate to the effort involved that I gave it up. Academic critics on the whole seemed to me Laputian, a team of deranged surgeons performing gleeful post-mortems on Tussaud dummies while the originals still boldly stalk the streets, roam the seas and fight in the foothills. By Laputian standards, Ian Littlewood's dissection of the works of Waugh is admirable: fluently well-written, insightful, convincing most of the time in its arguments, thoroughly researched and taking us no closer to the man and his work than would a champagne supper in the Hyde Park Hotel.

What outrages me and possibly makes me less than fair to Mr Littlewood is his fundamental premise, that Waugh's novels

are themselves escapes and they are concerned with strategies of escape; they are ways of avoiding reality and they offer in themselves an avoidance of it.

Such a bland, unrealistic assumption that the critic knows what reality is, or even what it was in Waugh's world, is hard to swallow. It could with much more force, for example, be argued that academic criticism is itself an escape, leading away from the painful or comic reality of the writer's creating with its implications for our own lives.

Mr Littlewood confidently and a little patronisingly pursues this theme, writing of Waugh's 'classic attitudes of defensive withdrawal: life as a spectacle, other humans as an alien – and barbarous – species'. Yet the life of today's Bright Young People would strike most NS readers as a spectacle, all surface and sheen, and the people themselves as alien beings with bizarre habits and values. Waugh did not withdraw, he participated; he did not defend, he attacked. His work is not, as Mr Littlewood has it, 'a defiance of reality and an evasion of it'. You have only to read Philip Ziegler's biography of Diana Cooper, or Waugh's own letters, or *Private Eye's* 'Grovel' for that matter, to begin to appreciate the satirical accuracy of his art.

Underneath this again lies a curiously insensitive assumption about art itself:

The motives are different, the degree of skill is different, the product is vastly different, but both the artist and the journalist start from the same proposition: reality is malleable. Their business is to turn this fact to advantage.

Reality for Waugh in Mr Littlewood's opinion, as for any journalist (and I'd argue too about the 'degree' of skill being different: the difference is of kind rather than degree), is the wax at Madame Tussaud's. For the critic of course it is not malleable; it is a hard, objective and clearly visible set of phenomena. What do we mean when we speak of 'Dickens's world', 'Orwell's world', 'Trollope's world'? That each of these had an inferior grasp of reality? I cannot accept that Evelyn Waugh, being much less able to cope with 'reality' than, say, Mr Littlewood, became an artist as a means of escape.

Personally, I found Waugh's work an unimpeachable guide to Mayfair when I was there; the latter-day descendants of his originals are alive and grasping. Patently, Mr Littlewood is working on the dummy, and can't tell it from the living thing. His post-mortem analysis informs us that Waugh's 'self-doubt is the product of his religion':

– more precisely, of the gap between the religious ideal he acknowledged and the kind of person he knew himself to be. Anyone who can conceive of Mr Crouchback and yet portray himself as Mr Pinfold will have much to repent and repair.

Don't we all though, born to sin as the sparks fly upward, have much to repent and repair, even those of us who are not capable of creating a Mr Crouchback and a Mr Pinfold? And where does that leave Dostoevsky, Jane Austen, Flaubert . . . ?

Mr Littlewood's patronage of his subject naturally expands in proportion to his failure to grasp Waugh's achievement. His final assessment is that 'no stretch of ingenuity' can translate Waugh's 'agile movements' (in stepping away from reality) 'into the stuff of moral philosophy'. We must, it seems,

content ourselves with the rarer gifts of elegance and vanity of contrivance. It is not a slight thing to have used language precisely, and with respect. For 'suffering humanity' it may, in the end, be the most important thing.

Tell that to the boat-people!

But I wouldn't have missed Mr Littlewood's book. It's not often one's passions are stirred up with quite such a stout stick. Nor for worlds would I have missed his insight, set like a gem in the centre of it all: 'it is not coincidence that links the upper classes to the barbarous and the insane . . .'

Among this week's contributors:

FLEUR ADCOCK's *Selected Poems* will be published by Oxford University Press in June.

GRAHAM SWIFT is among the *Best of Young British Novelists* as chosen by the Book Marketing Council for special promotion during the first half of March. So, too, is WILLIAM BOYD.

DENNIS DUERDEN's books include *African Art and Literature: The Invisible Present*.

JON COOK teaches at the School of English and American Studies, University of East Anglia, and is the co-author of *Romanticism and Ideology*.

LITERATURE

Roger Lewis

Neat and tidy

Kinds of Literature

ALASTAIR FOWLER Oxford £15

The Definition of Literature

W. W. ROBSON Cambridge £19.50

The Uses of Fiction

ed. DOUGLAS JEFFERSON & GRAHAM MARTIN
Open University £12.95

Interrogating literature, demanding of it reasons for its existence, critics have still to find any clear answers; for though the critic is vexed on its behalf, art itself seldom ponders its right to engage us. It is the spring-cleaning of literature that bad critics enforce; they imagine that without their supervision literature will become too untidy for its own good. This is the fault of Fowler's *Kinds of Literature*, the subject-matter of which is the opinions of other critics rather than literature itself. This is an easy trap for an academic to fall into. Before he can reach a text he has to clear a passage through the debris accumulated by his fellows. Fowler looks as though he will be a valiant commentator at the outset, as he vows to 'recover a sense of the variety of literary forms', but he never recovers from Robert Bridges' description of literature as 'that gouty excrement of human intellect, accumulating like guano'. It turns Fowler into a janitor who will neaten and tidy literature rather than think about it.

Fowler's theory aims to prove that if the multiplicity of generic categories is outlined literary works will fall into place and reveal their secrets. This is a gross fallacy. The reason art differs from the world in which it is created is because it defies order – or at least great art does. It is noticeable that the authors Fowler quotes with approbation are of the second rank – writers such as Thompson or Crabbe. Fowler correctly discerns and discusses, however, the fact that genres alter – indeed, that they are constantly on the move. He doesn't appreciate, though, just how radically experimental art can be. Fowler painstakingly lists the guises works can take but doesn't realise that the profusion of genres is an indication that each work demands a new category for itself. This makes pointless the accumulation of rules, the use of genre as vehicle to describe literature, and the adumbration of theories. The disappointment of Fowler's book is that he points out literature's protean, jokey refusal to behave itself in his introductory chapters but then ignores the possibilities this implies. He quotes Pope recommending incorrectness ('Those oft are stratagems which errors seem') and says that 'the main value of genres is not classificatory', but later on he lapses into drawing up

tables and charts and some quite bewildering structuralist diagrams. He also writes, excruciatingly, that 'medieval writers . . . got on pretty well without any genre theory at all.'

Wrong because he believes theoretical constructions the answers to his prayers, Fowler can also be wrong when he bothers to talk about a specific literary work. He plans to leave *Finnegans Wake* until 'dilute imitations provide the missing generic context'. But Joyce's novel is not an anomaly in relation to his own other works. Molly Bloom talks herself to sleep at the end of *Ulysses* and Joyce's next book is set in the world of dreams. The language has been prepared for as far back as *Dubliners*: 'There was no hope for him this time: it was the third stroke'. Here the punning upon 'time' and 'stroke' suggests the verbal wit that will later run riot in *Finnegans Wake*.

Joyce demands that he be studied for himself and not as to how he can be slotted into a class. This is not to say that his audacious works, because they abandon genre, are slipshod; *Ulysses*, for example, derives its unity from the mythical and Shakespearean characters who walk through it. Daedalus, after all, built the Labyrinth, and we must find our own way through it. It is the arrogance of the critic to believe that his promulgated theory will chart the best way of getting into a literary work: Robson's presumptuous title appears not to be ironical.

The essays which aim to define literature to 'plain men' are mostly uninspired. He opts for nothing by opting for all — 'literature can be all these things', he says, after mentioning its use of invention, its discovery of truths and its need to stand the test of time. Robson is excellent, however, when he abandons attempts at theory and instead displays how particular books have pleased him. He is fond of Stevenson and piratical adventures, but it is in his essay on *The Wind in the Willows* that he enchants. 'By magic I mean something ultimate, unanalysable.' It is magic which is kindled both in literature and by it. Robson says of Grahame, 'it is one man's private dream, his vision of the paradisaal'. That will suffice to define literature.

The Uses of Fiction is a retirement gift for Prof. Arnold Kettle. I do not think it can be just what he always wanted, for most of the essays are either mediocre or too short to get up steam. An exception is David Craig's assessment of David Storey, who played Rugby League 'to assuage his guilt at doing something useless' — that is, being an artist. □

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Fleur Adcock The chiffonier

You're glad I like the chiffonier. But I
feel suddenly uneasy, scenting why
you're pleased I like this pretty thing you've brought,
the twin of one that stood beside your cot
when you were small: you've marked it down for me;
it's not too heavy to be sent by sea
when the time comes, and it's got space inside
to pack some other things you've set aside,
things that are small enough to go by water
twelve thousand miles to me, your English daughter.
I know your habits — writing all our names
in books and on the backs of picture-frames,
allotting antique glass and porcelain dishes
to grand-daughters according to their wishes,
promising me the tinted photograph
of my great-grandmother. We used to laugh,
seeing how each occasional acquisition
was less for you than for later disposition:
'You know how Marilyn likes blue and white
china? I've seen some plates I thought I might
indulge in.' Bless you, Mother! But we're not
quite so inclined to laugh now that you've got
something that's new to you but not a part
of your estate: that weakness in your heart.
It makes my distance from you, when I go
back home next week, suddenly swell and grow
from thirty hours' flying to a vast
galactic space between present and past.
How many more times can I hope to come
to Wellington and find you still at home?
We've talked about it, as one has to, trying
to see the lighter aspects of your dying:
'You've got another twenty years or more',
I said, 'but when you think you're at death's door
just let me know. I'll come and hang about
for however long it takes to see you out.'
'I don't think it'll be like that', you said;
'I'll pop off suddenly one night in bed.'
How secretive! How satisfying! You'll
sneak off, a kid running away from school —
well, that at least's the only way I find
I can bring myself to see it in my mind.
But now I see you in your Indian skirt
and casual cornflower-blue linen shirt
in the garden, under your feijoa tree,
looking about as old or young as me.
Dear little Mother! Naturally I'm glad
you found a piece of furniture that had
happy associations with your youth;
and yes, I do admire it — that's the truth:
its polished wood and touch of Art Nouveau
appeal to me. But surely you must know
I value this or any other treasure
of yours chiefly because it gives you pleasure.
I have to write this now, while you're still here:
I want my mother, not her chiffonier.

ECOLOGY

Richard Willson

Breaking bars

The Turning Point
FRITJOF CAPRA *Wildwood House* £10
Down To Earth
ERICK P. ECKHOLM *Pluto* £3.95

Ever since the scientific revolution of the 17th century, dissident voices have denounced the iron cage which the Cartesian and Newtonian cosmologies have imposed upon our world view. Poets have raged against the disenchanting of the world, social critics have either mourned the loss of the organic society of the middle ages or tried to construct surrogate utopias to replace it. Philosophers have laboured to carve a niche for value in a hard world of fact or sought in Eastern religions an alternative to the barren materialism of the West.

For 150 years, however, technological civilisation has relentlessly spread across the globe, while the supposedly 'objective', quantitative technique of modern science has achieved unparalleled prestige as the unspoken philosophy of the governing élites. In the post-war years, this recently achieved power has given new edge to the critical voices both outside and even within the scientific community itself. The impact of technology on the natural environment, our manic preoccupation with growth, the disproportionate amount of research devoted to ever more insanely destructive weapons and consequent growing dependence of science on the bureaucratic/military/industrial Leviathan have all seemed to make a mockery of its ideal as the purely disinterested pursuit of truth.

Mr Capra, extending his analysis first propounded in the *Tao of Physics*, claims that this mechanical Newtonian view has already broken down at the level of basic research into fundamental particles, in which it is no longer possible to preserve a false detachment between the observer and the observed since the very process of measurement alters that which is being measured. Quantum mechanics has stripped

Drawing on the work of Gregory Bateson and perceptions from systems analysis and ecology, Mr Capra attempts a broad attack on reductionist method in economics, medicine, psychiatry and energy.

It is always easier to diagnose ills than find adequate remedies and at times Mr Capra stretches his analysis a little thin, hanging his hopes for reform on structures too fragile to bear their weight. The various experimental psychotherapies which he advocates can too easily turn into gross forms of self-indulgence for idle minorities. However, one must applaud the book as a brave attempt at a more

integrated vision, which, linked to, among other things, the feminist critique, may lead to a genuine counterculture more firmly rooted than the radicalism of the Sixties.

Mr Eckholm's book traverses much of the same territory but is more densely packed with statistics and more sharply focused on world development. It includes a broad survey of climatic change, health, desertification, loss of crop land and energy. To gain a flavour of the whole, however, it is worth concentrating on his chapters on deforestation.

He portrays a world economy cruelly skewed in favour of the rich, where timber consumption in developing countries is only one-fortieth that in North America yet in which a Pakistani may pay twice as much for a piece of wood as an American while his income is on average 46 times less. To satisfy this enormous demand 7.3 million hectares of tropical forest are disappearing annually with the loss of millions of plant and animal species, the majority of which have never been catalogued, let alone studied, by biologists. Yet this is an economy in which a lumber company may pay a mere \$48 a hectare cleared in taxes to the Papuan government which in turn would have to find \$450 a hectare for replanting.

Deforestation causes rapid erosion, desertification, the sedimentation of rivers and dams, devastating floods, local and even global climatic change. The rural poor are progressively dispossessed and have little choice other than to further exploit marginal land or to join the swelling numbers of unemployed in already overcrowded cities. By the end of the century a further two billion people will have to be housed, fed, clothed, educated and employed; yet a world which can squander \$1,400 million a day on armaments cannot find \$80 million a day for the clean water which would save millions from blindness and debilitating disease.

Religion has long ceased to provide an adequate ethical basis for action, yet most of the ideologies which still sustain us were born in the Age of Steam. Marxism has in practice spawned a regime in the East scarcely less sterile and brutally materialistic than capitalism.

Socialists will break this mould only if they start to absorb the influence of the new life sciences and realise that a more just world order can be built only if the ethic of conservation and long-term sustainability of the world economy is woven into the very fabric of their philosophy. Born with the silver spoon of 19th-century optimism about purely material progress still in our mouths, we may find this a bitter pill to swallow. However, it makes no more sense to lay waste the biological inheritance of millions of years of evolution over four decades in the name of egalitarianism than it does to plunder the planet on behalf of a voracious élite. Our hopes for a people-centred economy must be linked to a deeply ethical sense of responsibility for the biosphere of the planet on which we are dependent. □

RACISM

Marion Glastonbury

'Black Biz'

It Ain't Half Racist, Mum: Fighting Racism in the Media
ed. PHIL COHEN and CARL GARDNER
Comedia with CARM £2.50

'Black Biz' is the script-cue for the gibbering mimicry which is the mainstay of Jim Davidson's comedy-act and a source of sneers and jeers for eager imitators throughout the country. The series comes from Thames Television who are particularly fond of it. When, in 1979, a group from CARM (the Campaign Against Racism in the Media) sought permission to show clips of Davidson's jokes in a BBC *Open Door* programme (that shared this book's title), the company refused. Understandably. 'But', I was assured by the Chairman of IBA, on the occasion of the show's third repeat, 'we do care'.

Care for race relations on the part of media bosses has been personally experienced by 20 professionals – journalists, broadcasters and film-makers – who report here their efforts to distinguish it, in practice, from ignorance, indifference and ill-will. Alex Pascall describes his struggle with the management of BBC Radio over the form and funding of *Black Londoners*. Tony Freeth derides the cultural tourism of television teams who present the population of inner cities where 'blacks outnumber whites' as if they were re-enacting the Battle of Rorke's Drift. Press coverage of these communities is often left to crime-reporters who habitually rely upon the police for information. When headlines can be made out of local trouble, authentic grievances, deprivation and harassment are ignored in favour of sensational pseudo-explanations approved by Scotland Yard. Alien mobs, muggers and conspirators are to blame. News from Africa is similarly shaped by what Richard Carver calls 'the coup-war-famine syndrome'. Bipin Patel shows how Fleet Street followed the Foreign Office line in its successive portrayal of Idi Amin as natural leader, loyal ally and crazed clown. The colonial bias of the Fourth Estate and its contribution to racial hatred might also have been examined in relation to the Indian sub-continent and the world economy. Domestic resentment of overseas aid and the delusion that immigrants make us poor are fostered by falsified history.

Such instances of misrepresentation occur daily. They can be monitored and exposed with the help of this excellent book. It includes codes of conduct from every trade union in print and broadcasting, and practical guidance on how the public can exert the pressures needed to shift the weight of institutionalised prejudice with which we are surrounded. □

Street Murals: The Most Exciting Art of the Cities of America, Britain and Western Europe

VOLKER BARTHELMEH *Penguin* £6.95

From a look at the 110 murals from six countries illustrated in colour in this book it appears that murals are much the same in America and Europe. There is a contemporary international mural style in much the same way that there is a contemporary international gallery-art style. This is a strange paradox since the muralists generally have taken their art to the streets because they dislike 'the art market'. In the introduction the author quotes Terry Schoonhoven of the Los Angeles Fine Arts Squad, who 'determined there was an alternative to the gallery-museum of exhibiting art'. His alternative was to avoid the sins of cosmetic decoration. The aim appears to be to rouse communities to active discontent and not to encourage a passive acceptance of their environment. The Americans claim that Europe lagged behind this American mural movement both in producing murals and in engaging the public, that Europe owes its modern mural movement to America. If this claim can be supported it allows a very restricted territory for murals, confining them to 'meaningful, community-based art that would involve neighbourhoods and groups of people who have never or seldom been in contact with art.'

The reproductions in the book demonstrate the muralists' methods of trying to shake the public out of its perceived complacency, using *trompe l'oeil* to pretend that a wall is not a wall, blowing up a detail of an everyday object (e.g. a zip on a pair of jeans) to gigantic size, or simply reproducing the blood and the wounds caused by repression and social misery. Quite frequently the public responds by defacing the mural or removing it altogether. The problem is to decide who 'the public' is because it seems very malleable when it comes to consultation and responds to surveys by giving the answer it thinks the questioner wants to hear. Most people living near a suitable wall would probably prefer the design to be 'cosmetic'.

The community muralists' use of the international style combined with the elaborate process of local consultation produces a sense more of apathy than of antipathy and 20th-century versions of 19th-century history painting.

Dennis Duerden

Essays by Divers Hands New Series, Vol. 42

ed. M. HOLROYD *Boydell Press* £8.95

Although it carries a resonance of gentleman scholars scratching away with quill pens in country house libraries, the title of this collection is misleading. The 'divers hands' are in fact various voices because what this volume brings together is a series of lectures which have been recently delivered at the Royal Society of Literature. What we have then is as much a series of transcripts as a collection of essays and this can make for an odd kind of reading. I found myself trying to reconstruct the occasions of the lectures, to infer from them the shared codes and intimacies which come with membership of the Royal Society. One thing that seems needed is a gentle mental numbness because there's a good deal of unargued generalisation and prejudice on display here. The worst offender is Robert Conquest whose 'Inquest on Modernism' contains so many intellectual pratfalls that it verges on self-parody. He refers to the

'deplorable state of English poetry in the first decade of this century' as though Thomas Hardy had never written a line. There's the predictable jeering at the university study of English but I doubt that Conquest would have been able to get away with this lecture in most university departments of English. It has an air of hectic improvisation, as though he made it up while he was going along.

Conquest's lecture gives a concentrated and aggressive expression to features found elsewhere in this volume. E.W.F. Tomlin makes a predictably ham-fisted joke about French structuralism and then goes on to cite Jacques Derrida as affirming the transparency of thought in language when, in fact, Derrida has laboured to expose such an idea as a constitutive myth of Western culture. There's a dotty charm and a learnedness in Tomlin's lecture which puts it at some remove from Conquest's, but it shares with the other lectures in this volume an unargued condescension toward contemporary cultural activity. It may be, of course, that Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature don't feel obliged to notice what's going on around them and they can always justify their ignorance by appeal to that familiar literary conservatism which automatically regards contemporary culture as debased. What's depressing about this volume is that the assumption is automatic, no longer a matter for enquiry and debate. *Essays by Divers Hands*, Vol. 42, will no doubt join the other 41 volumes in certain libraries as good filling for bookshelf space. Otherwise its interest is sociological, a symptom of the conservatism and complacency of a small group of literary intellectuals. The one exception is Moelwyn Merchant's lecture on unresolved endings in Shakespeare's plays. Here there is a flexibility of argument and an engagement with literary texts which sets it apart from the rest.

Jon Cook

The Causes of Wars

MICHAEL HOWARD *Temple Smith* £10

This is a characteristically fluent and stimulating collection of essays by our foremost military historian and strategic thinker. Howard's occasional pieces reveal a coherence of thought which is unusual in this sort of writing, and will be read with profit by everyone concerned with war — from peace campaigners to professional soldiers.

The book would be better titled 'In Defence of Strategy', for its rationale is to uphold a proper regard for force as an arbiter in world affairs. Certainly Howard argues that the fear of what excessive military power could lead to is a prime cause of war. But he would vindicate the strategist's traditional belief that security and stability depend on the provision of effective armed forces. He also puts in a good word in passing for the much-derided nation state.

The trouble with these arguments is that, however strongly they emerge from historical analysis, they are less evidently valid in a nuclear age. Howard sees the problem, but translates it into a critique of the ways in which technology has displaced wider strategic concerns, and nuclear scenarios have eliminated conventional response. He places himself in the middle, as the strategist of 'reasonable caution and common sense', against the 'extremes' of the Reaganite war-fighters and END. He fears the abolition of nuclear weapons, as well as their use. He draws comfort from the fact that leaders must always make a rational calculation before going to war, but later contradicts himself by pointing how unlikely it is that this will be coolly done.

Howard's position is one with strong appeal to the European centre. He wants to go on playing the strategy game, with larger conventional forces, and to avoid the nuclear dead-end. It is a point of view to which advocates of an 'alternative defence policy' need to devote more attention. Should nuclear de-escalation really lead to a bigger conventional line-up in Central Europe? Could this ever be separated from a nuclear danger? The logic of disarmament (not a term for which Howard shows any enthusiasm) must surely challenge the continued relevance of traditional strategy as well as its nuclear caricature.

Martin Shaw

Krishnamurti: The Years of Fulfilment

MARY LUTYENS *John Murray* £15

This sequel to Mary Lutyens's *The Years of Awakening*, about the early years of Krishnamurti, takes us into his maturity. A remarkable man by any standards and an impressive teacher, discovered as an abject but winsome youth on an Indian beach by the sinister bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church, Charles Leadbeater, Krishnamurti eventually rejected all organised religions and opposed all gurus. As an apostate from the Theosophical Society, the haven of many quaint eccentrics, he became an avid reader of the *New Statesman*.

He turned aside from the rôle Leadbeater had prescribed for him, that of Maitreya, the reincarnation of the world-teacher, the one Lord, God. As he grew he developed, and was able to exploit, his radiant, spiritual personality. His philosophical statements became widely a source of comfort. Like the Eliot of 'East Coker', he realised the hopelessness of struggling for absolute meaning. He recognised and condemned the craving for power which 'is in the heart of almost everyone. Until the source is clear there will always be confusion and hate'. He is the advocate of small schools: 'Nothing of value can be accomplished by mass instruction.'

To read Mary Lutyens's book is to share her fascination with this human phenomenon, and to enter partially that curious, Yeatsian world of theosophy and psychic experience which most of us find difficult to take. At the end, she admits her own uncertainty. Is Krishnamurti possessed by some outer force? 'Certainly he is different in being so amazingly selfless', she concludes. 'Beyond this, we must remain unsure.'

Brian Martin

British Volunteers For Liberty: Spain 1936-1939

BILL ALEXANDER *Lawrence & Wishart* £15

Why another book on Spain? Much has been written about the events, strategies and significance of the Spanish Civil War. An answer is that it is easy to forget the motivation of the men and women who took up arms to fight against Franco's fascism. Strangely enough this is the first over-all history of the 2,000 British volunteers who travelled to Spain by a variety of means, or who, like the artist Felicia Brown, happened to be there, and contributed in their individual ways to the Republican cause.

Alexander, himself a battalion commander in the Civil War and a former Assistant Secretary of the British Communist Party, makes no secret of the role of Communist volunteers in moulding together an effective fighting unit. He convincingly demolishes Hugh Thomas's allegation that 'many of the British volunteers . . . desired some outlet through which to purge some private grief

or maladjustment'. As Alexander writes, the British volunteers went to Spain because they 'understood that fascism must be checked before it brought wider repression and war'.

He reminds us that few of the Brigaders, who came from every type of social background, had any knowledge of Spain. In a copy of battalion orders for Madrigueras, January 1937, the Commandant complains of the lack of discipline – too much drink and arguing over orders. Some volunteers were repatriated, which was by no means easy, particularly when the Non-Intervention Agreement was enforced and the Special Branch questioned anyone arriving at Newhaven or Dover whom they suspected of returning, not from a Paris weekend, but from Spain.

Five hundred and twenty six recorded volunteers died between August 1936 and January 1939. Others were imprisoned and the brutality of Franco's gaols is all too clearly demonstrated in Chapter 15. This book deserves to be widely read. If Britain had taken a principled stand at the time, Hitler's and Mussolini's intervention in the Civil War could have been nullified and possibly the course of history would have been different. British volunteers saw to it that Spain was kept in the public consciousness here, and some like Bill Alexander continue to do so.

Although Spain's fledgling democracy is now growing apace, there are still many significant links with the darker past. It is ironic, for instance, that the right-wing populist leader of the Opposition, Manuel Fraga, was, as Minister of Justice 20 years ago, at the centre of the infamous case, re-told in this book, of the execution of the Communist Julian Grimau Garcia.

Richard Evans

Church versus State in South Africa: the Case of the Christian Institute

PETER WALSH *C. Hurst and Company* £12.50

As South Africa has used its wealth to lure a team of black West Indian cricketers to play against the Springboks, the appearance of this book is timely. Peter Walshe is well-qualified to write about the subject. Born in Johannesburg and educated in South Africa and Zimbabwe as well as at Wadham and St Antony's College, Oxford, he is now professor of government and international studies at Notre Dame University, Indiana.

Professor Walshe traces the history of the South African Christian Institute from its foundation after the Sharpeville massacre of 1963 until it was banned in 1977. Initially, the Institute failed to win the trust of the numerous black churches that have sprung up in South Africa or to provoke the white churches to reform themselves. As a consequence of the second failure, the Institute turned its efforts to persuading the powerless to take power, aiming eventually at political and social transformation. When, in the early 1970s, blacks began increasingly to take the lead in the struggle against apartheid, the Institute sought to define a third way between repression and revolution, supporting black demands for social justice and condemning state violence.

Members of the Institute increasingly identified the 'poor' of the Bible with the South African black. This inevitably involved a political stance. Professor Walshe observes that 'the Institute remained deeply suspicious of Communism', while elaborating 'the common ground that can be shared by democratic socialism and a prophetic Christianity' engaged in a struggle for liberation.

This scholarly account presents for the most part a sorry tale of white South African churches remaining phlegmatic when not either tacitly or actively supporting white supremacy. Remarkably enough, shortly before his ugly death in 1977, Steve Biko still believed that the Christian

faith could offer much of value to his country. But after his death and the subsequent banning of bodies like the Institute, many black leaders saw their hopes of reconciliation increasingly disappearing.

James Bentley

Modern French Marxism

MICHAEL KELLY *Blackwell* £15

Since the personal tragedy of the philosopher Louis Althusser, Marxist philosophy no longer seems to provide the intellectual leadership in France that it had from the post-war period to the 1970s. On the 'Left Bank' the post-1968 generation has abandoned phenomenological and existentialist modes of thought in favour of the post-structuralist writings of Foucault, Derrida, Deleuze, Lacan and others. Recently there have been a number of interesting works which analyse the intellectual history of the contemporary Left in France. Mark Poster has written on Sartre and Merleau-Ponty and the movement from existentialism to Marxism, and Arthur Hirsh has just produced an exciting overview of the ideas and politics of the New Left in France from Sartre to André Gorz. Michael Kelly in this historical study of modern French Marxism has attempted to trace the development of Marxist philosophy in France from the late 19th century to the present. Given the wide-ranging historical framework in what is a short book the study takes on the character of a survey. As a survey, however, it is a useful introduction to the thought of French Marxist thinkers who are not very well known.

Who, I wonder, in England still reads the writings of Henri Lefebvre, Auguste Cornu, or even Roger Garaudy? The Wall Street Crash of 1929 and the activities of the Popular Front provided the historical background for the resurgence of Marxist intellectual activity. It was also in the 1930s that the economic and philosophical manuscripts of Marx were published and Auguste Cornu began to study the influence of Hegel on the intellectual development of the young Marx. Henry Lefebvre in his writings began to reconsider systematically the Hegelian logic underlying dialectical materialism. The debates and political struggles of this period are important and fascinating, and Michael Kelly's treatment is both lucid and challenging. Learning about this period is an aid to better understanding the post-war development of Marxism when Lefebvre and Garaudy were still to have an important influence. As a general study of Marxist philosophy in France, this book is at times overly schematic but it is a useful guidebook for the student who wants an historical introduction.

John Annette

The Lost Hero: A Biography of Subhas Bose

MIHIR BOSE *Quartet* £15

Born into a family of Hindu *bhadralok*, the gentry-cum-professional class of lawyers, civil servants, doctors and writers, unique to Indian Bengal, Subhas Bose remains to this day the most controversial figure in the history of modern Indian nationalism. He perished in a Japanese air crash in 1945, aged 48; and with his death a legend was born. Still a potent name in Indian political mythology, especially in Bengal, he is believed by his followers to be alive and in hiding.

Bose was not a political or social thinker of any originality. His youthful intellectual precocity had led to no flowering of ideas; he drifted, instead, into entanglement with fascism and Stalinism.

His military plumage said it all. Despite his undoubted charisma and courage, his judgement was flawed, his vision blinkered. His early career as a student in Calcutta and Cambridge was marked by many academic honours and rounded off with an exceptional performance in the 'heaven born' Indian Civil Service examination. But Bose rejected this and plunged body and soul into the Indian nationalist movement.

Bose's first (and only) mentor was Chittaranjan Das, the foremost Bengali politician of his day. They complemented each other well: of similar social origin, they inhabited the same mental world, were heirs to the same cultural tradition. Das, a highly successful barrister, was a shrewd tactician with a keen nose for the popular mood. His untimely death in 1925 deprived Bose of a father figure; it also paved the way for Gandhi's rise to unchallenged authority on the national stage. Subsequently outmanoeuvred by the Mahatma in the struggle for power within the Indian National Congress and embittered by defeat, Bose left the country in secret shortly after the outbreak of World War II and threw in his lot with the Axis. His Indian National Army, composed of Japanese-held Indian prisoners of war, was as a military force to prove an utter disaster, although its existence did quicken the pulse of Indian nationalism and hasten the departure of the British from India.

Mihir Bose (no relation) has produced the first comprehensive biography of this complex man – which should hold its own for a good many years to come.

Premen Addy

Gays and the Law

PAUL CRANE *Pluto Press* £4.95

Paul Crane's book is a fine example of a rare thing in radical legal publishing. It shows both an intense political commitment to the issues dealt with and ability to present them seriously, thoroughly and, above all, usefully. The author, according to the publisher's handout, 'argues that the British legal system contrives to reinforce prejudice against gays'. He certainly succeeds in doing this; but he also produces a text which should be of use to law teachers, legal practitioners and non-lawyers alike.

One of the book's most successful elements is Crane's willingness to make the necessary connections between the legal oppression of gays and other issues of concern to socialists. Thus he manages to avoid the kind of narrow sectionalism that can mar work on specific oppressed groups. In the first chapter, for example, he makes the point that lesbianism has never been specifically outlawed in the United Kingdom. This is not to say that lesbianism does not come in for some unwelcome attention from the law: 'Broadly speaking, lesbians have not been oppressed primarily because of their lesbian identity but because of their femaleness'.

The most alarming parts of the book are those which deal with areas which are less open to public scrutiny. For example Crane gives a horrifying case history illustrating the use of hormone treatment on gays serving long prison sentences. In the 'Employment' chapter he explains how the DES blacklist – 'List 99' – operates to exclude gays from working as teachers or youth workers.

For Crane, one of the responses to the attack on gays' civil liberties must be a coherent legal strategy: he notes for example that inclusion on 'List 99' can be avoided by making proper written representations. Ultimately, however, wider changes will have to come about before gays can become first class citizens: 'Liberation for gays and lesbians is not linked to changes in the law alone, but in the way everyone lives their lives.'

Mark Benney

FICTION
Angela McRobbie

Dependence

The Tortoise and the Hare
ELIZABETH JENKINS *Virago* £2.95

My Old Sweetheart
SUSANNA MOORE *Chatto* £7.95

The Aloe
KATHERINE MANSFIELD *Carcanet* £6.95

Stand We at Last
ZOE FAIRBAIRNS *Virago* £7.95

Quite mysteriously, quite fortuitously, there is a thread which runs through all four of these books, almost as though it represents the very condition of women's existence. The thread suggests that women (especially middle-class women), once manoeuvred into marriage, are then forced into a position of child-like dependence and denied adult responsibility. In turn they are penalised, even terrorised, by the husbands, precisely because of their failure to take responsibility.

This theme is explored in detail in Elizabeth Jenkins's **The Tortoise and the Hare** (first published in 1954); it is a frustratingly ponderous examination of such a woman's response to the indignities bestowed on her by husband and son alike. Yet she remains bewildered when eventually her husband leaves her for a much less feminine, indeed almost severe, middle-aged woman: one however who has a strong identity in the public world of work and responsibility. But Jenkins's book is much too mannered, much too genteel to provoke more than a faint sympathy on the part of the reader.

Susanna Moore's first novel is a great deal more frenetic. It deals quite obsessively with a mother-daughter relationship, where the mother is betrayed by her distinguished and unfaithful husband. Denied access to another existence, she slips into child-like insanity and drug abuse. The narrative weight is carried by her daughter, who turns back to her own childhood to untangle the threads of this family romance. **My Old Sweetheart** bears all the hallmarks of psychoanalysis, as though in writing it, rather than in speaking it, both writer and narrator manage to find a way out. As such it remains an account. It marks out femininity as something quite distinct, the maternal body like an exotic island which ultimately has to be escaped from. Thus the daughter's eventual movement away from her mother.

Set in the New Zealand of her childhood, Katherine Mansfield's **The Aloe** also identifies femininity as something special, something apart. This short story is an early version of what later became (with Middleton Murry's editing) 'Prelude'. This edition presents the parallel texts facing each other, but despite Murry's interesting omissions (notably a scene of schoolgirl eroti-

cism), the 'Prelude' version remains much more polished, more economical. Both texts chart a movement towards a kind of essential femininity evoked through childhood memories; but Mansfield's language is employed so vibrantly, so elliptically, that this female childhood becomes a series of very positive noises, strokes, colours and partially related incidences. In short it moves.

So does **Stand We at Last**, but this time following the chronology of a recognisable social history. Fairbairns' 600-page family saga succeeds admirably in sweeping the reader into its narrative; nor does it at any point read as though written to a formula, despite its explicit intention to present a feminist reworking of the genre. This history follows the lives of two sisters, one trapped child-like in a Victorian marriage, unwittingly infected and rendered infertile as a result of her husband's sexual adventuring. For this and for her own unresponsive sexuality she is eventually punished at the hands of a surgeon. Sarah, the adventuress, remains childless too, and like her sister is middle-class though without independent means. She sails to Australia, experiences a low-key love affair, returns to England to uncover the cause of her sister's death and, as an eccentric, feminist, spinster aunt, is left to make herself useful to her brother-in-law's illegitimate daughter and her family.

As a result the expectations of the traditional saga are overturned (no direct descendants and no inheritance); and yet there is a legacy, as Fairbairns goes to great lengths to demonstrate – a legacy which works its way down through the suffragette movement to feminism today. **Stand We at Last** should be read not only by feminists but also by our mothers' generation; it summons a strength through broken spirits and a pride despite apparent imprisonment. Its sadness lies, I think, in its absences – those of youth and the compensation of a rich family and community culture, something not necessarily irreconcilable with the aims of the Women's Movement. □

A Literature for Politics

is the title of *Granta* 6 to be published next week at £3.50. Editor Bill Buford claims, in a contentious but admirably succinct introduction, that this 320-page issue is filling 'a felt emptiness' in current literary achievement by offering examples of a 'literature no longer of the individual . . . a literature of social and economic relations'. He concludes that 'we are living in a world that we are on the verge of destroying. And with issues so serious, it seems right that we demand a literature that is also serious: a literature of engagement, a literature for politics.'

Granta's contributions to such a literature include interviews with Argentine soldiers; the Holocaust treated in fiction, in autobiography, in polemic and in the transcripts of the interrogation of Adolf Eichmann (first English publication); reflections on fiction-writing by Milan Kundera. The issue appears to offer the usual excellent value, and it's good news that from issue 7 onwards *Granta* will be published by Penguin and thus more widely available. □

TELEVISION
William Boyd

To be taken sparingly

DAY ONE of TV-AM. Somewhere in the south of England there are impatient rustlings in one hundred wicker baskets. Then at the appointed hour, with a soft batter of wings, 5,000 hand-picked, highly trained, ruthlessly professional homing pigeons head skywards. They rendezvous in the crepuscular smog above Trafalgar Square. At Camden Lock the signal is given. Swoosh. 5,000 pigeons hit their marks with uncanny precision. A shuffle or two and there it is: 'MORNING', clear and unmistakable.

The pigeons' professionalism sets the tone for what follows. **Good Morning Britain** is, without doubt, much 'slicker' than **Breakfast Time**. They are smarter: the men wear ties, the women are well groomed. The Floridan condominium where they live is tastefully appointed in that style of international chic one encounters in the vestibules of high-rise office blocks.

Over on *Breakfast Time* things are more recognisably British: very Crossroads Motel. Watery Cona coffee stews conspicuously. (I'm sure that you can order an espresso at TV-AM.) The men seem unsure whether to wear ties with their Kno-Krush velour and Sta-Prest acrylic. The set is dominated by glaring ox-blood banquette seating, in strong contrast to the muted beige of TV-AM. TV-AM have thought out their seating plan better too. Their L-shape allows people to talk naturally to each other. Everyone sits in a row on *B'Time* necessitating much craning around, leaning forward, speaking across intervening backs.

One pays so much attention to the people and artefacts because the content of the two shows is so similar. Button-punching furiously, one gets weather, news, gymnastics, fat men, and the same stories. So it's *le style c'est le programme* and you'll tune in to the one that's least abrasive. Or least rebarbative. On Tuesday *Good Morning Britain* opened with a reminder of the Beirut massacre: splay-legged corpses, zillions of flies . . . The mashed yeast nearly hit the floor. Reeling, I tuned in to BBC only to get a fizzing snowstorm. I cautiously clicked back. Angela Rippon seemed quite unfazed. In the background of the 'Daybreak' set (very distracting, that background) an untidy looking man lurched from his desk. It looked like Frost but I couldn't be sure.



'Would you rather be buried or cremated?'



'Welcome little gremlin'

Sexual chemistry on TV-AM: Anna Ford to Frost: 'Would you rather be buried or cremated?' What is she trying to tell him?

Anna Ford's commendable unblinking straightforwardness seems one of TV-AM's real assets. It is somewhat devalued, though, when she exhorts us to enjoy the 'wonderful' breakfast ads that are on during the commercial break. (Doesn't she know that everyone switches over then?) However, in the interests of research I take her advice. Oh my God! Barbara Woodhouse! The mashed yeast nearly hits the floor. 'Go smash an egg!' she bellows. This ad is even more egregious for not being couched in English: it's American. Memo to the egg marketing council: it should be 'go and smash an egg'. Would an English person say 'visit with a friend' or 'he is in back of the house'? Go work on your grammar.

Weekend breakfast television means relief for the blood blisters on the index finger but not much more. Here is the real test of TV-AM's personality appeal. How many people will want to watch Parkinson in the early morning? The Saturday show is dull and listless: very routine reviews of video and new films. Jimmy Tarbuck (yawn) as special guest. It's real 'lads together' stuff: sport, mates, great days in the past. Jackie Genova comes on in tights and leotard to talk about aerobics. Thankfully, the presence of Mrs P pre-empts the usual leer. Sunday goes a little better. Everyone's favourite capitalist, Sir Freddie Laker (much edgier these days), says unemployment is 'unfortunate'. Parkinson, to his credit, doesn't let that one go past. 'All right then', concedes Sir Freddie, 'very unfortunate'.

Who are these young men with fair hair, V-neck jerseys and ties? They emerge in force at the weekends to talk about sport, news and the weather. They do their jobs, chat pleasantly and yet remain quite indistinguishable, as if they share a collective personality. Perhaps they're cloned from Tony Gubba.

It's curious just how quickly the novelty of breakfast television wears off. Mind you I've had such a glut that I feel like a Strasbourg goose bemoaning the frequency of meals. It seems to have been around for ages. But that, I suppose, is some sort of indirect tribute to the respective teams' professionalism. One is tempted to commend their sanguine capability (at TV-AM's first hitch Frost beamed 'Welcome little gremlin, wherever you come from') but it's worth remembering that presenting television is their job: that's what they're good at, that's why they do it. One doesn't praise a dentist for being able to fill a tooth, or a taxi-driver for knowing his way around town, after all. So, it's being done quite well, but do we need it? I don't know. I shan't be watching

it again after my overdose. I'm on the wagon, soothing the bloodied sacs that were my finger tips. I suspect that it's not designed to be ingested in such large doses. To conclude with a suitable breakfast analogy: among the jars of marmalade, honey and jam on the better-provided breakfast table can be found an anchovy paste with the quaint name of Patum Peperium. On the side is the large injunction to 'spread very sparingly'. This is very definitely applies to breakfast TV, but, just as with anchovy paste, you still might not like it. □

THEATRE Benedict Nightingale

Face to face

Master Class

DAVID POWNALL *Haymarket, Leicester*

Hard Feelings

DOUG LUCIE *Bush*

Messiah

MARTIN SHERMAN *Aldwych*

There are plays whose basic idea is so good that you feel they could more or less be left to write themselves. Launch the thing, switch on the auto-pilot, then pick up the acclaim and the prizes after ground-control has brought it safely home. At first sight, **Master Class** falls into this category, since it confronts us with four men whose very presence has a built-in fascination, coming as they do either from our century's pantheon or its bestiary, and it then asks them to engage face-to-face in a battle that was necessarily rather more distant in real life. Conflict is there, and also more tension than one expects in most faction, since the leading character seems quite unpredictable enough to break the rules of history and personally commit one of the atrocities he neglected to arrange when he was alive. One persistently finds oneself wondering, in defiance of recorded truth, if *this time* Stalin won't cede to impulse and pack the formalist deviants Shostakovich and Prokofiev off to the Lubianka to be killed by Zhdanov, the cultural Doberman who prowls on the periphery of the proceedings, snorting, foaming, and begging for a chunk of raw composer.

Yet of course plays don't write themselves; or, if they do, they tend to take a rather straight and predictable flight-path, too like a plane for artistic comfort. And there were times, especially in the first half, when I felt that David Pownall's imaginative intervention was too slight. In comes Timothy West's sleek and portly Uncle Joe, to radiate menace of varying degrees of amiability; and before him skulk and sag David Bamber's Shostakovich, a spectacled swot scarcely able to believe that this hotbed of philistinism, terror and violence is actually the headmaster's study, and Peter Kelly's prim, sickly Prokofiev, a whey-faced dandy

Inflammation under the fingernail of the right forefinger gets worse as I constantly switch channels trying to pin down the house style. Most of the interviews I see are disappointingly brief, not a patch on the news magazine standards of *C4 News* or *Newsnight*. Last Friday the BBC scooped TV-AM in that they had the key figures in the day's lead news stories, to wit, Peter Grover of the *Mail* (defending his newspaper against the Press Council's charges) and Leo Abse putting the case for his fair-deal-for-husbands divorce bill. Both of them should have had a rougher ride than they did. The treatment the same stories got on the other side was nugatory. However it did allow the difference in approach to emerge. *Breakfast Time* favours the easy-going seminar style. Anyone in the studio can chip in and discussion can be prolonged if it seems fruitful. This allowed us to hear Gene Pitney animadverting on the Yellow Press and the morality of divorce: 'like prostitution the tabloids will be always with us.' This should be encouraged. Matching up studio guest to the day's news story could become a fine art: Rod Hull and Emu on cruise missiles, Chas and Dave on the SALT talks in Geneva, Lena Zavaroni on the Bermondsey by-election . . . Watch the ratings take off.

perpetually waiting for the moment he'll wake up and find he's nodded off over the score in the Paris Conservatoire. They struggle as diplomatically as they can to keep dignity, integrity and life equally intact; and it is a difficult task, what with Stalin blowing raspberries when Shostakovich plays 'the best thing you've ever written' and Jonathan Adams's scrofulous Zhdanov suggesting they should be rewarded for making their audiences physically sick and mentally ill by being used for target-practice. 'I'm thinking very seriously of starting a camp for artists in Georgia', ruminates Stalin. 'It sounds lovely,' says Prokofiev sweetly, only to blunder into a tactless and provocative reference to Diaghilev. The consequence is a demonic record-busting spree — Stalin splintering the symphonies, Zhdanov concentrating on the concerti — which ends the act on a suitably climactic note.

So what new is Pownall telling us? That Stalin sought to bully musicians, like other artists, into strict conformity with Soviet pieties and his own prejudice, and that Prokofiev and Shostakovich, like Katcha-churian and others, were especially threatened in 1948, the year in which the action occurs? For all the play's verve and brio, it begins to seem that its only novel and surprising element, once you've accustomed yourself to the situation itself, is the roomy loo visible stage-left behind the Kremlin wall, into which both composers retire to retch, stare, weep, whisper 'I won't let them break me', and generally express the hurt and fear they dare not display to their persecutors. But the second half does, I think, add a degree of complexity, because in it Pownall has the courage to show us something of Stalin from Stalin's own stance.

Out of all those sudden, unsettling switches of mood and angle of attack, out of the rage and paranoia, the Georgian chauvinism and personal megalomania, the laughter, charm and dangerous benevolence, comes a point of view: which is roughly that the artist, after the trauma of war and the loss of a generation, has the obligation to communicate hope to the Soviet people in terms they can understand and appreciate. It is an attitude both naive in its assumptions and oppressive in its implications, and Pownall expresses its practical folly in his funniest scene, which has the two maestri frantically contributing variations to a lunatic folk-ballad po-facedly concocted by the Great Dictator himself, but it's an attitude that was understandable under the circumstances, and even today seems worth airing and hearing, in however garbled and hectoring a form. At any rate, its expression prevents the play being merely what one was coming to fear, a plain-sailing study of the unseemly contortions forced on artists by the pressures of Stalinism. There is a pilot at the controls after all, and a good one.

There is a bad play struggling to get out of Doug Lucie's *Hard Feelings*, and at times it is three-quarters visible, in all its implausibility, crudeness and moral superiority. The objects of its callow ire are bright young things of the 1980s, a group of killer butterflies vapidly and selfishly perpetuating their unnecessary existences in, of all unlikely

places, war-torn Brixton. 'It's so heavy, with the riot and everything — do you know I've had the aerial on the car broken twice?' characteristically moans their leader, in between asserting her proprietorial rights as owner of the flat they all infest and persecuting the Jewish lodger who has had the impertinence to object to a trendy collage depicting Hitler and, worse, to invite into her bedroom a grimly disapproving left-wing boy-friend. Property isn't theft, we're informed, it's much, much worse. And Lucie would appear to concur.

Why, given all this apparent human and moral simplification, did I believe in the piece so thoroughly and enjoy it so much? Is it just soggy indulgence towards an artistic travesty whose heart happens to be on the same side of the barricades as us here in Farringdon Lane? No, the reason is rather that Lucie is remarkably skilled when it comes to building character and situation. He can afford to declare 'this person is bad' or 'that person is right' because, by the time he does so, he has said what he can for the first and against the second. We've come to trust his sly eye and canny ear, his humour, detachment and relative openness of mind, his determination to be precipitate neither with approval nor contempt. It is the difference between making a pre-emptive strike on your characters, as so many committed dramatists are apt to do, and allowing the evidence against them insidiously to accumulate, so that what at first seems amusing and even liberating, then looks merely harmless, can end by being really rather terrible. Lucie is clearly a talent to watch, as are several of Mike Bradwell's cast: Ian Reddington, Jennifer Landor, Frances Barber, Chris Jury.

I LIKED *Messiah*, which has transferred from Hampstead to the Aldwych, better than my colleague Christopher Edwards two months ago; but, judging by the empty seats around me last Friday, he and others may well be carrying the public with their animadversions on its supposed clumsiness, flipness and anachronism. There is, I suppose, an echo of *Fiddler on the Roof* in the nudging, matey monologues the heroine (Maureen Lipman, gawky, spotty, rabbit-toothed and splendid) directs at an unresponsive Jehovah. There's more than a hint of Martin Sherman's own study of homosexuals under Nazism, *Bent*, in the emotional journey she makes: entrapment, release, the breaking of sexual taboos, fulfilment, nemesis. Yet what mainly emerges from the tale of her and her nephew's doomed pursuit of the 17th-century 'Messiah', Sabbatai Sevi, is a wry, fatalistic recognition that the blessing and curse of being Jewish is not being able to disown a God who is at best reclusive and inscrutable, at rather worse mischievous and teasing, at worst a sort of supernal sadist, using the swords of the anti-Semites to inflict suffering on his chosen people. It is a pithy, direct, even blunt play, which nevertheless continues to ruffle the braincells long after it's finished, not unlike the stories of Sherman's co-chronicler of village ghettos and village minds in Poland, Isaac Bashevis Singer. □

DANCE Stephanie Jordan

How it's done

BEYOND the warrant bestowed on it by the choreographer's name, the current Ashton quadruple bill would not obviously attract a wide public: two ballets of literary content difficult to grasp without preparation *Illuminations* (1950), *A Wedding Bouquet* (1937) — then show duet *Voices of Spring* and *Rhapsody*, which suited its original cast so perfectly that it is a mighty challenge to anyone else.

The programme choice is even more perilous because, done badly, these literary ballets are dangerously frail. Royal Ballet casts who haven't grasped possibilities for detailed interpretation, are not thoroughly schooled in their roles or are ill-chosen can render Ashton incoherent. Thus Julian Hosking in his debut, permanently frantic as the Poet in *Illuminations*. By comparison, Ashley Page, offered the role during last season's revival, develops the central figure, haunted, demented, sometimes pathetic, sometimes assertive.

A Wedding Bouquet has been revived in its original version for chorus and orchestra in honour of Lord Berners' centenary. This collaboration between Ashton and Berners is the product of Gertrude Stein's personalised account of the unsomber ante- and post-marital antics in a French château early this century. At a recent matinée, the work's great reputation for comedy seemed exaggerated, cynicism distancing us from sympathy even with the lovelorn Julia (Marguerite Porter). Perhaps the more familiar format of narrator on stage sipping champers used to liven things up. But with Derek Deane's lubricious Groom, Judith Howe too precious as drunken Josephine, Ashton's wit fails. Yet, that same evening, with Jennifer Penney's Josephine an intended upstage distraction carrying the action through to the suggestive wedding-night duet (Michael Coleman a compulsive womanising Groom ensnared and Lesley Collier the dim and beaming Bride) revealed at last as an historic mockery of classical *pas de deux*, Ashton's structure made perfect sense.

For the first time since *Rhapsody* appeared in 1980 Collier has relinquished her leading role. Stephen Beagley, once graciously nurtured by Collier, now, braver and dancing out beyond the technique, sustained Karen Paisey in her promising debut.

The balance of power changes in this ballet. Merle Park and Wayne Eagling considered themselves equally matched when they took over, and Park, taking her cue from Rachmaninov's Mephistophelian Paganini variations, decided to make her part diabolical with spiky arms and glittery glances. But there's little warmth and generosity towards the choreography from this pair. □

FILMS

John Coleman

Rough magic

Tempest (15) Odeon, Haymarket, etc
Summer Lovers (15) Classic, Shaftesbury Avenue, etc; London release
Monsignor (15) Odeon, Leicester Square

Paul Mazursky has a knack of showing people as attractive and worthy of affection even when they are being downright silly or nasty. In such movies as *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Blume in Love* and *An Unmarried Woman* he has rung now tinny, now resonant and heartfelt changes on the instability of male-female relationships. He will sometimes go anywhere for a laugh and seems to prefer happy endings. So if he absolutely had to doodle with Shakespeare (and he certainly does little more than roughly flirt with the plot and characters), maybe *Tempest* was not such a daft idea. 'Show me the magic', howls successful architect Philip (John Cassavetes) at the height of a freak electrical storm in Manhattan, an injunction he's to repeat a year later on his Greek island retreat as a boat carrying his wife Antonia (Gena Rowlands), her tycoon lover Alonzo (Vittorio Gassman) and his entourage is hurled about dramatically in lashing waves under a darkening sky. Mazursky himself makes a brief New York appearance as a theatrical producer, describing a projected new play as 'sort of a cross between *Chorus Line* and *Macbeth*' – a crack very loosely attachable to the film he's in – and he clearly wants to show us some magic too.

In this he and his tremendous actors (Mr and Mrs Cassavetes doing an edgy marital severance as others might sleepwalk; balefully charming Gassman; young Molly Ringwald as daughter Miranda and stunning Susan Sarandon as fey, sexy Aretha) succeed every once in a while; and these set-piece successes or pieces of success we must content ourselves with. Elsewhere, this is Mazursky's least consequential creation to date, shreddily co-written with Leon Capetanos, enticingly photographed by Don McAlpine, percussively scored by Stomu Yamashta. If Prospero is something of an actor's conundrum and challenge, Philip on the run from fame, marriage and gangsterish Alonzo mostly registers as a self-centred boor – islanded, brooding, lazing, Cassavetes oddly resembles Bogart in *The African Queen* now and then, but with worse manners. 'I've forgotten what it's like to be sad after sex', wails delicious Aretha, nobody's Ariel, lamenting this lounge's deliberate celibacy. She and 15-year-old Miranda take some of the curse off his presence in a merry song-and-dance duo suddenly broached in the surf.

Most outrageous of these scatty interludes

is the one awarded to Raul Julia's clowning goatherd Kalibanos. Playing the clarinet to his favourite goat Beatrice, he abruptly switches to 'New York, New York', Liza Minelli swells out on the soundtrack, and the camera lifts as Kalibanos capers with his crook amid a chorus line of his flock: it's a mock-production number, utterly self-indulgent, and a bit larky. But it does bespeak an anything-goes desperation, doesn't it? Let's do the show here? Tiny cameo-roles get funny lines – Anthony Holland as Alonzo's camp doctor, Jacki Gayle as his court jester Trinc, with the world's worst patter. Some magic is managed in the first water encounter, heads bobbing to the surface, of Miranda and Sam Robards's Freddy. Yet all leads – after over two hours traffic of the screen already – to a last reconciling tango, shot out at Cinecittà so that the camera can pan past walls, tilt above floors to follow the fluid pairings off or the participants in fresh couples, clusters of forgiveness. This has more than a technical virtuoso glow and, though Mazursky can't resist piling on the return-to-Manhattan schmaltz, the revels effectively end there.

While Greek isles are our theme, a baffled word about *Summer Lovers*, limply directed by Randal Kleiser of *Grease* and the re-make of *The Blue Lagoon* fame. A swarm of plastic young tourists descends on Santorini to take off their clothes more or less picturesquely. Battered by wraparound disco noises damn near non-stop, I watched incuriously as a nice-looking American girl (into photography) monosyllabically suffered a strange-looking French girl (into archaeology) to make love with her Greek-American boyfriend (into narcissism). Eventually they seem to manage *à trois*. A beach notice delivers an auto-critique: IS FORBIDDING THE CAMPING AND THE NAKEDNESS. Is *forbidding* . . . ? No, is boring, rather.

One does hope world cinema will resume something like normal adult service soon. Meanwhile there is a Vatican romp, Frank Perry's *Monsignor*, with a surely tongue-in-cheek script by such pros as Abraham Polonsky and Wendell Mayes. Everyone knows by now that the seat of the Catholic Church rests under a fiscal cloud. One explanation of the finagling is furnished here. Clean-cut Christopher Reeve plays Father Flaherty, seconded to the Holy City and genial Cardinal Santoni (Fernando Rey – Buñuel, where art thou?).

Re-encountering an old Mafioso buddy, the unflinching young priest ('The Pope's shop is broke, Eminence') arranges to sell Vatican commissary supplies to his black-market-controlling chum. Years pass, but not before Flaherty, masquerading as a lieutenant, has a passionate affair with Genevieve Bujold's postulant nun: tears after bedtime *there*. Father becomes Monsignor becomes Cardinal, no doubt inwardly torn by his Mafia connections but outwardly as big, bland and boyish as ever. Fernando Rey becomes Pope when tiny Leonardo Cimino dies; and a touching close finds Reeve and Rey warmly embraced as the camera pans without irony to Christ crucified on the wall. No comment. □

MUSIC

Andrew Clements

Human forms

Or Shall We Die?
Festival Hall/Radio 3

Features in the Sunday supplements, a slot in BBC-2's *Newsnight*: if the extent of the prepublicity is any kind of measure of artistic worth, the oratorio that Michael Berkeley and Ian McEwan have produced for the London Symphony Chorus should have been a fine achievement. Last Sunday's premiere however, with the LSO, Heather Harper and David Wilson Johnson as soloists and Richard Hickox as conductor, was less than overwhelming. And, at the very least, a major choral work that treats the subject of nuclear war in passionate terms should be that. The fault lies not in Ian McEwan's libretto but in Berkeley's music and its failure to impose any kind of individuality on the text.

McEwan has published *Or Shall We Die?* as a slim book (Cape, £4.95), together with a wonderfully articulate, moving essay on the background to the work and his thoughts on the subject. The essay is deeply impressive, the libretto a shade disappointing. Tippett's text for *A Child of Our Time* hangs over some passages (as Tippett's example has manifestly influenced Berkeley); there is the same mixture of hopelessness with faith in humankind's capacity to save itself from destruction: 'My own belief in the future fluctuates', writes McEwan in his essay. 'There are sudden insights into the love and inventiveness of individuals to give me hope for all humankind; and then there are acts of cruelty and destruction that make me despair.' William Blake is a potent force for McEwan, as he has been and continues to be for Tippett.

The two soloists stand as archetypal man and woman; McEwan conceives the nuclear crisis as a clash of masculine and feminine world views – a clash between Newtonian determinism and Einsteinian relativism, between a male principle that believes it could explain everything given access to all facts, and a feminine one that knows the paradoxes, the limits of science that set a bound to knowledge: 'She has no illusions of her omniscience, and yet her power is limitless, because it does not reside in her alone.' This feminine principle motivates the first and last of the work's seven sections in two long arias by the soprano soloist, the last leading into a setting of Blake's 'For Mercy Has a Human Heart', and also the fifth, which tells the heartbreaking story of a mother whose nine-year-old daughter died in her arms after Hiroshima. The remainder carries a series of dialogues between baritone and chorus – on science's compulsion to discover and exploit nuclear power, on the

determinism that sets man and nations on a course to control and shape the world, on the thoughts of the bomber pilot on his way to Hiroshima.

These are conveyed in an array of images that are sometimes telling, sometimes pathetic. Yet many composers have turned far less worthy librettos into masterpieces. Berkeley's music is never less than exemplary in its craftsmanship: the choral writing is convincing, the large forces confidently handled. Its utter anonymity, the inability of any phrase to stay in the mind are the problems, for he writes in a style that owes much to Britten and Tippett, and to a self-conscious desire to write something that is instantly accessible. Such accessibility and intrinsic musical worth are not contradictory goals, any more than a populist composer is necessarily unoriginal or characterless. Britten's *War Requiem* is not one of his greatest works when measured by his own highest standards; yet, it is deeply affecting and could have been written by no other composer.

There are moments when his music rises to the occasion but invariably it lapses almost immediately into the commonplace. The close of the Hiroshima story is delicate, tender music, yet its effect is destroyed not in the horrifyingly brutal way Berkeley intended by the martial music of the following section but by its banality. Similarly the jazzy parody of the hymn in the choral version of 'Cruelty Has a Human Heart' at first has an ironic, discomfiting effect, but eventually comes to seem too lovingly precise, while the following setting of 'Shall there be womanly times, or shall we die', the kernel of the oratorio, cannot find music to match its profundity. The impression of a pictographic rather than fully realised expressive work cannot be dispelled, even though one never doubts the sincerity of composer or librettist. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2757 Set by D. H. Cudmore
Clerihews on titles or first lines of well-known poems. Here's one to whet your appetite:

The night has a thousand eyes –
And the poet might surmise
How lucky the night is
Not to have conjunctivitis.

More, please, by 25 February.

No 2754 Set by E. O. Parrott
Soap operas for Radio 3.

Report By Jeff Squiffy
Worryingly good. If I were the controller of Radio 3 (which, thanks to my heretical views on Peter Maxwell Davies, I'm not) I should snap up this idea pronto. A tenner's

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worth of wallet-fodder to each winner; royalties will follow if the Beeb comes to its senses.

Charles: Belinda, dear, have you seen my Craig Raine?

Belinda: Oh, I expect Zoe has it. I remember her saying at breakfast how perfectly *ludic* it was.

Jeremy: I don't think she has, mummy, she's in her room, listening to her Brian Ferneyhough records.

Charles: It's a bit much when you can't put a slim volume down without it sprouting legs. I can't even find my *Poetry Nation Review* – there was an editorial I wanted to read attacking the Arts Council.

Jeremy: Don't they get an Arts Council grant, Daddy?

Belinda: Oh, darling, I'm afraid I used it to line the cutlery drawer with!

NICHOLAS MURRAY

Chorus of neighbours:

We feel an anxiety twisting around our bowels about James.

It gnaws at our spleen and nibbles at our kidneys. Why has he abandoned Matisse for Etruscan potsherds and the secret life of Locke?

Why has he taken to making disruptive comments about Stockhausen?

There is a burning ache in my spleen. I am assailed by pizzicato twangings in my private parts.

Life would be unacceptable without Stanislavsky and the atonal scale.

I am gently moved by premonitions of existentialism.

James: Life is so short and yet not long enough.

Jean: Too happy and yet too miserable.

Chorus: I have emotional stirrings in my liver, my pancreas, my uvula. . . .

M. K. CHEESEMAN

Wittgenstein's Walk

(Ludwig is still struggling with his deck chair. Ida enters with mop and bucket.)

Ida: Ee, Mr W, what are things coming to?

Ludwig: Quite so, Ida. I believe there's some kind of logical impossibility involved here.

Ida: Nay, lad. I mean Professor Shoulders. He's shut himself in his rooms. Sulking.

Ludwig: Oh. Why?

Ida: Well, you know how he likes to shoot tourists from his window when they walk on t'lawns?

Ludwig: Yes.

Ida: Well, he says to me, 'I give 'em one warning, Ida, then BANG!' 'Ah,' says I, 'but can they really step on to the same lawn twice?' And he goes into one of his sulks.

Ludwig: Never mind, Ida. How about a swift half at the Philosopher's Head?

Ida: Ooh, thanks Mr W. But can a half be swift? In itself, I mean. . . .

N. J. WARBURTON

Athens's Owls – A Simple Story of Hampstead Folk

Irene: Wistaria, you dragged on the adagio.

Wistaria: Einstein in his monumental work remarks that it should be poco retardo.

Irene: Ma non troppo, as you omitted. Besides, Einstein has long been superseded by later, more diligent researchers on the Graz manuscripts, not excluding myself.

(Front door bell rings)

Irene: That is Piers's ring. I wonder if he has got the job of secretary to the Arts Poetry Council.

Wistaria: We are not likely to know until one of us summons the requisite energy to open the door.

GEORGE MOOR

Ben: Hello, Mr Archer. Beautiful day.

Dan: Ay – makes you glad to be alive.

Ben: Yes. Interesting how the weather affects our mood. Sun and blue sky are symbolic of well-being to an extent that meteorological imagery is virtually impartible from emotion itself. Er, bitter all right for you?

Dan: Ta.

Ben: Two please, luv. Climatic analogy is one of the most unifying and accessible themes of art.

Dan: I dunno about that. All I know is that the human psyche is merely the latest cast from the mould of a million years of evolution, and as such only manifests behaviour of selectionary advantage shown in all animals. Take my pigs. Now there's pigs as like sun and them as don't. . . .

Ben: Here's Shula!

Shula: Hello! I've just come from the primary school play. Young Billy was *sooper* as Mephistopheles!

ROWAN MITCHELL

Announcer: And now, *The Dantes*, opus 45: in a flat. Beau and Ann Dante argue about neighbours and bootmenders.

Ann: Why don't euphonium in a few minuets? His bach's worse than his bite.

Beau: I'd fly off the handel. What about the byrd-cage he borodin February? The liszt's endless!

Ann: Oh Beau, violins is no answer. Aria really worried? We've only got fowl, and our henze bizet laying.

Beau: The cage cost money!

Ann: He berlioz us tuppence. Drink up your tea.

Beau: Tippett away.

Ann: Look, I've got to go to town. It's my schopenhauer, and if I get debussy, I'll be offenbach in no time. My boots need mending.

Beau: Are you in love with that schumann?

Ann: What cobblers! Be franck: would you play haydn seek with him?

Beau: You parry too quick. Is this lovers' triangle . . .

Ann: Feeling horny, that it?

Beau: Oh, sod orff!

GILL BREENLEW

Announcer: Sophronia is visiting Daphne in Maida Vale.

(A lighter work by John Cage is heard in the background.)

Sophronia: . . . and I said 'I thought descending fifths went out with the '30s; you'll be telling me next you're working on dodecatonics'. And then he set off defending *Wozzeck*.

Daphne: Oh, too much. But Jane swears he watches *Stuart Burrows Sings*.

Sophronia: But his review of Tippett's Fourth seemed to speak for us both on the retreat of the avant garde . . . Still, at least Louisa's safe. Jeremy may be good-looking but she'd hardly sleep with a logical positivist.

Daphne: Daughters are so worrying. I once caught Mary reading Heidegger. . . .

(Fade down, then up to sounds of bookshop.)

Assistant: Hello, Louisa. How was the structuralism seminar?

Louisa: I didn't go. Have you a copy of *Language, Truth and Logic*?

LYDIA SHAXBERD

FIRST PERSON



Bill
Greenwell

Hold
that
note!

IT'S AN ODD fact, isn't it, that each of us carries around, in what Hancock referred to as our enormous chumps, lyrics that fitted so many motley melodies of yore? Whirling around within the average cranium are the strains of countless twopenny-ha'penny tunes to which the words are stuck like flies on flypaper.

I've never believed that the words matter much in a popular song — or rather, that they have much influence upon its popularity. Singing along, as anyone who's had unwillingly to sing hymns in childhood knows all too well, is really a sophisticated form of humming. Sometimes it's years before the words are actually deciphered, let alone understood. And when or if they are, they're often a let-down. The luckiest lad in popular music just must be Tim Rice. I don't exactly beat the drum for his chum Andrew, but your lyricist and mine has managed to get

away with murder *and* money. What about this, from *Jesus Christ Superstar*:

Always hoped that I'd be an apostle,
Knew that I would make it if I tried;
Then when we retire, we can write the gospels
So they'll still talk about us when we've died.

A more recent example of the way words sink unnoticed and misunderstood into the subconscious occurred for me with Pink Floyd's hit *Another Brick in the Wall*. This was one of those nagging noises that staged a rapid deployment of musical troops outside the ear before launching an entirely successful storming of the brain. It was a car tune, as I call them: 'We don't want no education (*clutch and brake, change gear*), we don't want no thought (*traffic lights turning to amber, where was I?*)'. The car tune has subtly placed pauses that enable you to undertake any number of routine in-car operations without disrupting the personal pleasure taken, provided there are no passengers, in your vocal prowess. As a matter of fact, *Love Story* is the best example of this genre, especially the Andy Williams version. He holds the note long enough for you to adjust the mirror, reverse round a corner and tackle an emergency stop.

But I was chuntering on about Pink Floyd. The point, before I swerved off in that last paragraph, was that I happily sang erroneous words to the harmlessly lethargic melody of *Another Brick*. First verse. He's crooning in those familiar, droning tones about teachers — we know this because 'education' is mentioned in the first line.

Knowing the Floyd's long-standing preference for astral imagery, for planetary metaphors and general music-of-the-spheres, I happily settled on the following words (the italics are mine):

We don't want no education,
We don't want no thought control,
No dark star chasm in the classroom . . .

I spotted my error eventually, of course, but only because the song was broadcast so relentlessly. It's set me wondering, however, just how many other lilting lyrics my brain's sub-stations have been faultily recording.

Of course, there are also lines which sit you up straight with shock. Mooching through the muddle-indexed heap of plastic that masquerades as my 'record collection', I came across *The Spider and the Fly*, a Rolling Stones song that I hadn't spun, as they say, or used to, for ages. As I was sitting more or less next to the left-hand tweeter, I actually picked out the lyrics from between the scratches, whilst quietly calculating that it was recorded over half my life ago. (I have years upon my back thirty.)

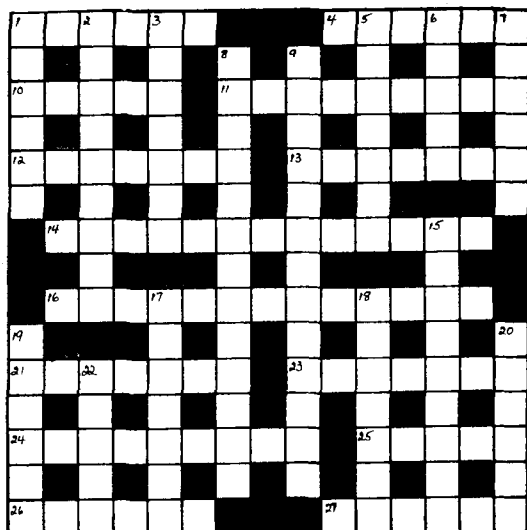
Imagine, then, the ripple of distress I felt when the following lines fell out on my ear:

She was common, dirty,
She looked around thirty . . .

Hold that note! This casually insulting lyric must have blitzed my brain-cells on a regular basis in the sixties. I was singing along to it when I *heard* it for the first time. I shall be pricking up my ears in future. □

Weekend Crossword 1390

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1390, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 22 February.



Name _____

Address _____

ACROSS

1. Place held by communist leader in Africa. (6)
4. A dagger secreted in the blouse. (6)
10. Poet among crime reporters. (5)
11. After trouble dole out flattery. (9)
12. Hard substance formed by insect on man. (7)
13. Swimmer has name mentioned in newspaper article. (7)
14. Trying to discover council's opinion as a means of carrying voices. (13)
16. Hobby provides practice in gardening technique. (13)
21. Roman who sounds a tenacious person. (7)
23. Father found in time to supply provision for maintenance. (7)
24. Make James rule a city. (9)
25. Sign all right in number. (5)
26. Lovers are crazy and you are one. (6)
27. Second-class journeys, but they are not single. (6)

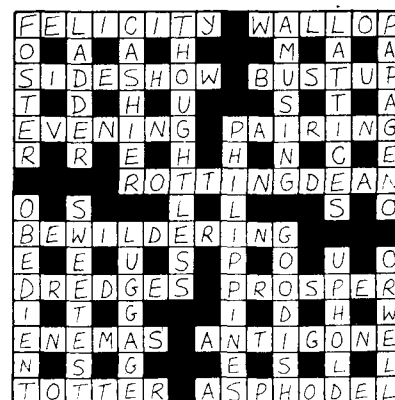
DOWN

1. Animals butting each other in the grass. (6)
2. Ceremony over a grim Frenchwoman. (9)
3. Land is three times superior to water. (7)
5. Courage is something to be worn against trouble. (7)
6. Even if penniless the aristocrat would still have his home. (5)
7. Guard who gives admittance after a second. (6)
8. Somewhere on the liner where titans hidden among the competent. (8,5)

9. The heralds show there is one member embraced by a king with no places in the country. (7, 2, 4)
15. Tortured about answer, having been thoroughly searched. (9)
17. Although one is followed by me carrying a permit, there is no way out.
18. Piece of land or something that works it. (7)
19. Instruments won't allow access to loved ones. (6)
20. When he's shown up he's done wrong. (6)
22. Play with a beginner in the country. (5)

SET SQUARE

Solution to 1389



Prizewinners to 1389

Eric Foster (Lincoln)
Serena Johnson (Tyne/Wear)
Anne McIntyre (Glasgow)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487

Deadline for ads — Normally noon
Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates Lineage: for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal — £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications — £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40).
First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service — U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. — £21.90). Special rate for charities — £6.30 per s.c.c. (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to:
CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN,
14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex — 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

GLC

Working for London

Press Officers

£11,880-£13,353

Public Relations Branch provides the essential communications link between the Council and the community it serves, supplying Londoners with information about the Council's policies and services, and feeding back public opinion, to promote mutual understanding.

Two journalists or public relations officers are now required within the Press Office, which is one of the busiest in London, to specialise in work related to key areas of the Council's activities. One will write releases, answer press enquiries and arrange briefings on GLC initiatives for creating jobs and encouraging industrial growth in London, experience of employment and industrial journalism would be an advantage. The other will undertake similar duties in the field of community relations, covering topics such as the work of the Police and Women's Committees.

Salaries will be within the range indicated, inclusive of London Weighting.

We welcome applications from disabled people and all sections of the community, irrespective of an individual's sex, ethnic origin, colour or sexual orientation.

For further details and an application form, which must be returned by 25th February 1983, write to the Director-General, DG/AE/P/117, Greater London Council, Room 203, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB, or telephone 01-633 1527.

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer

Hackney takes Women's Rights Seriously

Women's Officers

(£11,697-£12,993 p.a. inc.) Ref: CEG 176/NS

The London Borough of Hackney has decided to appoint two WOMEN'S OFFICERS to provide advice, assistance and support within the Borough in promoting the interests and welfare of women both inside and outside the Council's service.

One post has a particular emphasis on employment and the other on the provision of services and both posts include the campaigning element of the work involved.

You must have a good knowledge and/or experience of women's rights or equal opportunities or local government and might have been involved in Government lobbying or campaigning for women's rights.

Job sharing facilities are available.

Application forms are available from John Penney, Head of Personnel Services, Town Hall, Mare Street, E8 1EA or telephone 01-986 7539 (24-hour answering service) quoting reference.

Closing date: 24 March 1983.

We would positively welcome applications from black people, disabled people and women.

Hackney — a radical, socialist Borough



AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

needs an intelligent

VOLUNTARY WORKER

for Campaigns Team. Capable of processing information, fluent writing and harmonious relationship with team. Three days a week, office hours, London fares paid.

PHONE JENNY STEPHENSON
on 01-836 5421

OV SELECTION CATERERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agcy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

WOMAN WORKER wanted for co-operative whole-food business. Don't miss this opportunity to join an expanding retail co-operative. Work includes, buying and selling, accounts, transport, shop assistant. Previous experience in co-operative situations desired. £70 gross p.w. 40 hours, 5 weeks holiday, overtime rate 1 1/2. Closing date 9 March. Send s.a.s. for application form to: Dancing Cat Co-operative, 107 Lodge Lane, Liverpool L8 0QP.

Jobs Abroad

PUP UP TENTS in France or pick plums in Britain. 'Summer Jobs Abroad' and 'Summer Jobs in Britain' both list 30,000 varied vacancies and cost £3.95 each from bookshops or Vac-Work, 9 Park End St, Oxford.

USA SUMMER JOBS: Ranches, resorts, etc. Up to £150 p.w. Directory listing 50,000 jobs in W. H. Smith etc. or £5.95 from Vac-Work, 9 Park End St, Oxford.

GLC

Working for London

Strategic Development of the London economy

£16,776-£18,468

The Economic Policy Group has been established by the Greater London Council to advise its Industry and Employment Committee on economic strategy and to work with London boroughs, trades unions and community groups in formulating the London Industrial Strategy and the London Manpower Plan.

Of the specialist units now being set up to carry this work forward, there will be one group working on the political economy of labour in London. This group will have responsibility for developing the London Manpower Plan, including the question of women's employment, changes in skills and job security, hours of work, the conditions of labour, and the organisation of domestic production.

Applications are now invited from a specialist to establish this group. The successful applicant will have had experience in relevant research, as well as experience of working with community, or women's groups and/or trade unions.

Salary will be within the range indicated, inclusive of London Weighting.

This appointment will be on a fixed term contract for a period not exceeding 2 1/2 years.

For further details and an application form, which must be returned by 4th March 1983, write to the Director-General's Department, DG/AE/P/120, Greater London Council, Room 203, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB, or telephone 01-633 1527.

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer

WORK IN SHEFFIELD IN THE FIGHT AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT

The effects of the deepening crisis, and the rapid rise in redundancies and unemployment among women, men and young people, has led Sheffield City Council to develop a radical alternative local economic strategy. A new Employment Committee and Department has been set up to take practical action (alongside trade unions, women's and community organisations, and other bodies) to prevent further loss of jobs, to support and train the unemployed, and to create new kinds of socially useful work.

The core staff of the Department are now in post, several programmes of intervention have been set in motion and further specialists are now needed to join small project teams:

AIDS TO ENTERPRISES: PRINCIPAL OFFICER

PO2 - £11,859-£14,676

To lead a multi-disciplinary team, co-ordinating the local authority's schemes of assistance with finance, specialist advice, and premises, to support existing and new firms. The programme increasingly involves selective investment in sectors, in exchange for planning and employment agreements. Experience in appraising medium and small business proposals, and in developing and managing detailed policy initiatives, will be essential.

PRINCIPAL ACCOUNTANT/ECONOMIST

POI(f) - £10,860-£12,174

On the staff of the City Treasury but outposted in the Employment Department. To work as part of a small team, negotiating and monitoring medium and large-scale investment projects for financing by the Council, in partnership with other public bodies and financial institutions. Qualifications and experience could include economics or accountancy, but the successful applicant will also need commitment to imaginative new forms of intervention and investment by local authorities.

SOLICITOR

POI(d/e) - £9,504-£11,184

The post will be on the staff of the Administration and Legal Department but will be seconded full time to the Employment Department.

To work with existing legal staff and multi-disciplinary teams within the Employment Department, offering varied practical advice on job creating or job preserving initiatives and to undertake some legal research. Suitably qualified solicitors with commitment and experience in one or more of the following areas, are invited to apply: Employment Law, Company Law, Intellectual Property Law, Legal Research.

LEGAL ASSISTANT

AP4 - £6,873-£7,545

The post will be on the staff of the Administration and Legal Department but will be seconded full time to the Employment Department.

To assist in drafting and processing legal documentation connected with the variety of work undertaken by the Employment Department. Applicants should be Fellows of the Institute of Legal Executives, with experience in Banking, Company or Conveyancing work.

STRATEGY OFFICER FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

POI(e) - £10,071-£11,184

To work with other local authority Committees and, together with trade unions and community-based organisations, to develop a bold co-ordinated strategy of practical, financial, educational support and training for the unemployed.

PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

AP5/SO2 - £7,791-£10,071

To assist a chartered engineer and other staff within the Department, in the development (with other agencies) of socially useful products and processes. A sound engineering/technical background and an imaginative commitment to local production for social need are essential.

SECRETARY/ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

SC2/C2 - £4,719-£5,682

To assist the manager of two Enterprise Workshops, set up to provide small workshop units and support services to workers developing new products and business.

PUBLICATIONS AND INFORMATION OFFICER

SO2 - £9,504-£10,071

To develop and provide an attractive presentation of the Department's information and ideas on employment, and to help disseminate this to councillors, other Departments, and organisations, and the people of Sheffield, through publications, audio-visuals and other media.

Applicants for all posts must be committed to working energetically as part of a multi-disciplinary team, trying to mobilise the resources of the Local Authority and other agencies in developing radical, effective measures for tackling the employment problem.

Further details and application forms (with the exception of the two posts specified below) from John Benington, Employment Co-ordinator, Palatine Chambers, 22 Pinstone Street, Sheffield S1 2HN, to be returned by 25th February.

Background information for the posts of Solicitor and Legal Assistant from the Employment Co-ordinator at the above address but applications should be by letter giving details of age, qualifications, experience and telephone number, together with the names and addresses of two referees to the Head of Administration and Legal Department, Town Hall, Sheffield S1 2HH, by 25th February.

It is the policy of the Sheffield City Council to provide equal employment opportunities and consideration will be given to all suitably experienced and qualified applicants regardless of handicap, sex or race.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD

Courses

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers a wide range of courses during 1983 in a most attractive Florentine setting. There are courses in the Italian language, at all levels, the Italian Renaissance and Drawing. Magnificent library and study facilities. Accommodation arranged if required. Full details are contained in our 1983 prospectus available from

David Rundle, The Director
British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

Personal

ANGLO-AMERICAN couple, reconstructing co-operative life Canada, seek others interested decentralist, humanist, Earth-healing goals. Non-cult, all ages welcomed. Box 5471.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

BUILDING MAINTENANCE MAN requires accommodation with lonely hearts female, London area. Reply John, Box 5466.

CIVILISED COUPLE, youthful 50, seek others preferably younger for friendship, outings, etc. Enjoy travel, historic places, music, theatre, food and wine etc. We live Kent, husband works London. Box 5445.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £40 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4176.

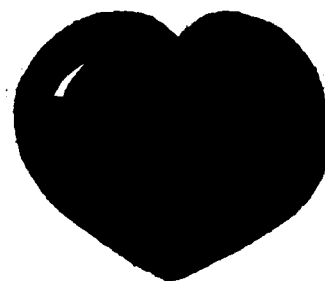
CLASSICAL MUSICIANS, country lovers: Professional woman, 37, interests playing chamber music, countryside, arts generally, seeks academic/professional gentleman, 35-45, with similar interests, view marriage. Box 5447.

(CONSCIOUSLY) JEWISH MAN (30), warm, sensitive, intelligent, seeks similar, interesting lady. Interests - politics (very platonic), psychoanalysis, music. Please send sm. photo. Box 5400.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-338 1011.

DISILLUSIONED READER offers complete run, NS 1968/82. Suit student of journalistic decline. Reasonable offers? Collect Bristol. Tel: (0272) 43681.

LONELY?



Then use the NS PERSONAL COLUMN! Lonely Hearts ads receive an average of 20 replies, often many more, from like-minded people. It's still one of the cheapest and safest ways of meeting your ideal partner.

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You can still **ADVERTISE FOR AS LITTLE AS £5.20.**

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRADUATE (female, 46), lover of life, literature and countryside, seeks warm, compatible male companionship. Interests include: arts, walking - and informative, unattached correspondents. Box 5435.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

JILL SEEKS JACK - lively lady graduate wishes to meet an academic/professional/country gentleman, 50 years plus, to share life of travel, the countryside, good food, wine and togetherness. Box 5446.

LADY BRIEVE (op 1948), with contrapuntal inclinations, seeks well modulated demi-semiquaver for divertimento. Box 5450.

LONDON'S FRIENDEST SINGLES CLUB, where people meet at parties, winebars, pubs and weekends away. Social gatherings of all kinds is your chance to start a new social life. Details: City Circle, 58 Compayne Gardens, NW6. Tel: 01-368 9273.

LONELY, RETICENT male College lecturer, (43), separated, seeks female partner, to share cinema, music, etc. Manchester. Box 5467.

MALE, 33, separated, Herts. Interests: classical music, intellectual conversation, loving, being loved. Seeks female fellow socialist, appreciating human not material values, for lasting relationship. Box 5465.

MY DOG is spoilt with affection, I need a nice, lovable and unattached man, 40/50 years! Box 5451.

PEOPLE WANTED to join long-established rural community in Herefordshire. Large house, 9 acres (non-self-sufficient). Existing group, 9 adults, 4 children (+ baby on way). Commitments: radical politics, feminism, alternative lifestyles. Write for more details. Box 5473.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOLAR (Arts, Philosophy), non-smoker, non-drinker, seeks single, tall mature girl/lady (no children), reflective, intellectual, with Christian moral standards. Living in England (Canterbury?). View marriage. Box 5474.

PSYCHOTHERAPY - Jean Liedloff, author of 'The Continuum Concept', is interviewing new clients. 01-722 0932.

SCATTY VIVACIOUS social scientist, 44, mid Anglia, seeks intelligent, warm, unattached man, for sincere friendship. Box 5449.

SEXUAL PROBLEMS can be treated by qualified sex therapists (Dip. Human Sexuality, St. George's Hospital Medical School). Group/individual therapy available. For details write to Box 5472.

SPONSOR NEEDED to support Ethiopian student's graduate studies. Please write to: Ambessu Awolu, PO Box 343, Bahir Dar, Gajjam, Ethiopia.

WIDOWER, GRADUATE, mid-fifties, passable personality (said to be kind, gloomy and sensuous!). Fit, and a hard grafter (OK at renovation, for example). Remaining (and depleted!) capital tied up - homeless - seeks a working and emotional partnership with a rather younger woman perhaps already involved in antiques/art/farming/or? A tall order? Well, perhaps - but until one asks -? (hence this advert - and just one reply could be the mutually right one!). Mini photo appreciated and reciprocated. And of course, all replies answered. Box 5458.

WRITE FOR MONEY - with Wordsmith, the new writer's newsletter. Details: Wordsmith, Dept W1, 151 Herefields, Oxford.

YOUNGISH PROFESSIONAL lady, based London, seeks male companion. Political and intellectual interests. Box 5444.

FRIENDS ALL OVER THE WORLD

would like to correspond with you. Friendship, language, travels, marriage, etc.

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Rue Bovière 18, 4050 ESNEUX
BELGIUM

Appointments *continued*

TUC FULL-TIME REGIONAL SECRETARIES

The TUC has 8 Regional Councils in England and at present has vacancies for three full-time Secretaries of the TUC Regional Councils covering the West Midlands, East Midlands and the South West. Regional Secretaries will be based in the region concerned.

The persons appointed will be responsible for the functioning and administration of the Regional Council; liaising with the TUC nationally and representing the Regional Council at trade union and other meetings.

He or she will need a sound knowledge of the TUC and its affiliated unions nationally and locally and proven administrative and representative ability.

Application forms for the posts, which are available from: **The General Secretary, TUC, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS**, must be returned by **25 February**.

Please quote reference RS2 and state which region(s) you are interested in, i.e. West Midlands; East Midlands; South West.

The TUC is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY EU VACANCY Post Office Engineering Union

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary (London Regional Officer) which has arisen in the Post Office Engineering Union.

Candidates must be able to demonstrate a record of service to the trade union movement. Applications will be treated in confidence.

The salary scale is **£14,432** (plus Outer London Weighting of £660) rising by two increments to **£15,303** (plus Outer London Weighting). There is a contributory superannuation scheme in operation with a normal retirement age of 60 years.

Whilst the initial appointment is to the post of Assistant Secretary (London Regional Officer), the successful candidate may be deployed by the General Secretary to undertake any work appropriate to the Assistant Secretary grade.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained by written request from the **General Secretary, Post Office Engineering Union, Greystoke House, 150 Brunswick Road, Ealing, London W5 1AW**.

The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is by first post on **Monday, 28 February, 1983**.

IMMIGRATION COUNSELLORS

UK Immigrants Advisory Service seeks three Counsellors for its Central London office. Two posts are permanent and one is for a fixed term of 15 months. Legal background preferred. Persons applying for the fixed term vacancy could be recently qualified Solicitors or Barristers wishing to gain a specialised knowledge of immigration law. Salary: Trainee from **£7,107**; Counsellor from **£8,007**.

FINANCE OFFICER

UK Immigrants Advisory Service seeks a Finance Officer located at its Head Office. Duties include Budgeting, Book-keeping, Accounts to Trial Balance. Salaries and Pension Scheme. Accountancy qualification desirable. Salary from **£9,792**.

We are an Equal Opportunities Employer.

Application form and Job Descriptions available from Deputy Director (Administration), UKIAS, 7th Floor, Brettenham House, Savoy Street, London WC2E 7EN. Please state for which vacancy application form is required. Closing date for completed applications **28 February, 1983**.

Secretarial

FAST, ACCURATE typing, IBM, Golfball, MSS, etc. Tel: 01-673 7042.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

REAMS

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for additional information

Accommodation Vacant

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE: large, 4 bedrooms, two thirds acre garden & terrace backing onto river Cam and fields. 5 min. bike ride City centre & colleges. About 6-8 weeks mid-late Feb. to mid April. Dates flexible. £120 p.w. Tel: (0223) 352182.

ELTHAM SE9. Third person to share house. Own room. £85 p.c.m. 01-303 9643.

Beds

PINE BEDS, handmade, sold direct from our workshop: Taurus Pine Beds, 266 Belsize Road, Kilburn, London NW6. Tel: 01-624 3024. Singles £52, doubles £59.

LISTINGS

THUR 10 FEB

LONDON SW1 Annual Minority Rights Group lecture. 'Human rights and mass exodus' by Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan. 6pm 10 St James Sq.

LONDON WC1 The Force Strikes Back: the crisis, policing and schooling in a racist society. Spkrs Paul Gilroy, author 'The Empire Strikes Back' and John Fernandes, ex-lecturer in multicultural studies, Henden Police College. 6pm Institute of Education Bedford Way. Preceded by AGM for members of All London Teachers Against Racism and Fascism. Org ALTARF. 01-720 7226.

SOUTH WOODHAM FEMERS Labour's policies; spkrs Clive Playford and Hilary Barnard, prospective parliamentary candidates. 8pm WI Hall, Hulbridge Rd. Org Maldon and Chelmsford CLPs.

LONDON N1 The Peace Game - showing of government propaganda film followed by discussion on capitalism and war. 8pm Prince Albert, Wharfedale Road, Kings Cross. Org Socialist Party of Great Britain.

LONDON EC1 Britain's Black Press. Spkr Arif Ali, editor Caribbean Times. 6.15pm Rm U316, City University, Northampton Sq. Org City University Afro-Caribbean Society.

10-11 FEB LONDON SW15 Literature and imperialism. Conf; spkrs incl Pathe Mitter, Mbulelo Mzamane, Prabhu Gupta, Jeffery Richards. 9.30 at Richardson Hall, Digby Stuart College, London SW15. Org by English Dept, Roehampton Institute. 01-946 2234.

FRI 11 FEB

BIRMINGHAM Brig Michael Harbottle speaks on UN Peacekeeping 12 noon George Cadbury Hall, Bristol Rd, and debates with Joan Rudbeck, Winston Churchill at 7.30pm Birmingham University Students Union. Org W Midlands CND. 021 622 0908.

WEMBLEY Charity Gala with Loose End, Classic Black, Safari Steel Band, Legba Dance Group. 7pm Brent Town Hall, Wembley. For Sickle Cell Society

GUILDFORD Debate between Edward Hard (RSPGB) and Margaret Sharp (SDP) on solutions to the current economic crisis. 8pm Mount Social Club Hall, off Portsmouth Road.

11-12 FEB London WC2 Human Rights in Medicine. Conference on implications of technological developments in medicine for human rights. Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Org by London Medical Group, Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London WC1.

SAT 12 FEB

LONDON WC1 Equal Pay for Work of Equal Value. Conf with Baroness Seear and Dipak Nandy. 2.30-6pm WYCA, Great Russell St. Org Fawcett Society. 01-587 1287.

DARTFORD Prof David McLellan speaks on Marx in the Modern World at WEA day school. 2-6.30pm East Hill Drive Adult Education Centre. £1. Terry Tarrant Dartford 23964.

LONDON SE1 Positive action for women in broadcasting. Women only workshop 10am, County Hall, Croydon. Org by NCCL Women's Rights Unit. 01-483 3888.

LONDON NW1 Latin American Fiesta. Chilean music by Mayapi, Disco, late bar. 8pm, Irish Centre, Murray St. Org St Pancras Labour Party and Chile Solidarity.

YORK Peace chain on city walls in support of women arrested at Greenham Common. Meet 1pm, Nunery Lane car park. York CND, York 755647.

BIRMINGHAM Stress at work - conference on how to remove it. Spkrs Ian McDonald, bus driver, Rowena Clayton, researcher, Dr. Tom Harrison. 10am TGWU Hall. Org Birmingham Region Union Safety and Health Campaign, 160 Corisande Rd.

LONDON. Student CND, human chain linking MOD and DES. Assemble 1pm, Jubilee Gardens, County Hall, SE1.

SUN 13 FEB

LONDON W1 Israel after the Enquiry Commission. Speaker Stanley Clinton Davis, MP. 7.30 Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Pl. Org Mapam Socialist Zionist Party.

LONDON WC2 Julie Christie, Kenneth Cranham, French and Saunders, Pauline Melville, Alexei Sayle, Maggie Steed and many others. Benefit concert for Nicaragua, Shaftesbury Theatre. Org Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign. Tickets 01-226 6747.

LONDON WC1 Thomas Hobbes and British Secular Philosophy. Spkr Peter Heales. 11 am Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq.

TUES 15 FEB

NEWBURY Trial of Greenham Common 44, arrested New Year's Day, Newbury magistrates' court.

LONDON WC2 Seminar on criminal justice. Spkr Prof. Terence Morris. 6.30 (buffet) 7.30 (address). Kings College, Strand. Org The Howard League. 01-735 3317.

ISLINGTON 'Fen', new play by Caryl Churchill. Opens 8pm, Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1. Produced by Joint Stock Co.

LEWISHAM 'Racism out of schools' 7pm St Mary's Centre, Ladywell Road. Org by Reinstak Lionel Vida Campaign.

WED 16 FEB

BERMONDSEY 'The future in our hands - not theirs'. Spkr Fran Eden. 7.30pm Brunel Hall, Albion St. Org RCP. 01-274 3951.

ABERDEEN Youth planning meeting for People's March for Jobs. 7.30pm WEA Rooms. Org Aberdeen Jobs for Youth Campaign.

HAMPSTEAD Building for Peace: Swords into Ploughshares. Spkr John Griekets, CAITS. 8pm Friends Meeting House, Heath Street. Org Hampstead CND.

THUR 17 FEB

LONDON W1 'Comprehensive cuts', new play by Vic Jones. Opens 8pm, 9 Fitzroy Sq. Produced by Unity Theatre. 01-486 7743.

LONDON WC2 The developing powers of the European parliament. Spkr Rt Hon Baroness Elles WEP. 6pm Great Hall, Kings College, Strand. Org U.K. Association for European Law 01-240 0206.

LONDON WC1 Sexual divisions and housing design. First of six seminars. 2-4pm, Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queen Square. Org Mary Ward Centre. 01-431 7711.

EALING The German Peace Movement. Spkr Wolfgang Rudolph 7.30pm St. Andrew's United Reform Church, Mount Park Road. Org Ealing CND 01-574 5346.

ST PANCRAS Secret War plans and Civil Defence. Spkr Duncan Campbell 7.30pm The Cock Tavern, Phoenix Road.

LONDON SE1 Open meeting for anti-sexist collective to plan blockade of Upper Heyford Peace Camp. Contact Sylvia 01-555 8446.

LONDON W1 'Comprehensive Cuts'. New play by Vic Jones opens. 8pm British Theatre Association, 9 Fitzroy Square. Org Unity Theatre 01 486 7743.

FORTHCOMING

16 FEB Welshpool Unilateral nuclear disarmament. Debate with Bob Cryer MP, Owen Hardwicke, Delwyn Williams MP, Admiral Sir Michael Pollock. 7.30pm Welshpool Town Hall.

Glasgow Labour's Programme. Spkrs Neil Kinnoch, Robin Cook, Jimmy Reid, David Wiseman, Douglas Henderson. 7.30pm Victoria Drive Secondary School, Scotstoun. Org Scotstoun Labour Party 041 332 8641

Leamington New Variety Night with Orchestre Jazira 10 piece band, The Joys radical comedy troupe, Magic for Socialism tricks, John Pugh, Ronnie Norton blues & jazz, the Flying Dogs. 8pm The Spa Centre, Leamington Spa. Org The Other Branch 0525 29467.

19 FEB Birmingham Christian CND Concert. David Carroll and Michael Keelan. 7.30 St Martins in the Bullring.

Southampton Peace Festival. Workshops and evening entertainment. 10.30 onwards, Students' Union, Southampton University. Org Southampton CND.

London WC1 Words into Action. One day conference of films, speakers, workshops. 9.30 ULU Building, Malet St. Org Inter Hospitals Health Students 01-481 0581.

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19 Feb.

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242 3225.

Book Sale

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ruary. Open 10-6 weekdays; 10-5 Saturdays at 5
Caledonian Road, Kings Cross, London N1.

Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON Fabian Society. Wed. 16 Feb.
7.30 p.m. Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place,
WC1. Colin Platt of International Society for the
Protection of Animals on 'Animal Welfare Over-
seas'. All welcome.

SOCIETY OF LABOUR Law Students. Thurs. 17 Feb.
8.30 p.m. Committee Room 9, House of Commons,
SW1. Robert Kilroy-Silk on 'Treatment of the
Mentally Disordered'. All welcome.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.s. for free pamphlets, book list,
programme of activities. Sunday 13 Feb. 9 p.m.
Informal Q/A Meeting 'Psychic Laws & Pheno-
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Thurs. 17, Mon. 21 Feb., at
5.30, Lord Northcliffe Lectures
in Literature by Professor Gra-
ham Hough, 'The Mystery Reli-
gion of W. B. Yeats', Chemistry
Auditorium. Tues. 22 Feb., at
5.30, Inaugural Lecture by
Professor H. G. T. Maehler,
'Egypt Under the Last Ptole-
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